FFICIAL COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

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Radio Stars

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THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE



W. C. FIELDS

Earl Christy

DY VALLEE'S
RSONAL COLUMN

VHY RIPLEY, HIMSELF, IS A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT!



NO MORE WORRY

ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!





WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE . . . KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh . . . alive with beauty!





KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" . . . GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

Fortune's Favorite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.



CONSTIPATED? STOMACH UPSET?



REMEMBER BOTH

when you choose a laxative

EVER notice how often constipation is accompanied by an upset stomach? It's doubly important then, to choose your laxative as you would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigestibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose. Has nothing to further burden an already overtaxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices that aid digestion.

Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxative ingredient does *not* act in the stomach. Acts only in the *intestine*, which is where constipation exists—where you want the right results. No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.



Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative *can* do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have *already* switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 107-H, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT

FEEN-A-MINT DOES



RADIO STARS

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BROADCASTING

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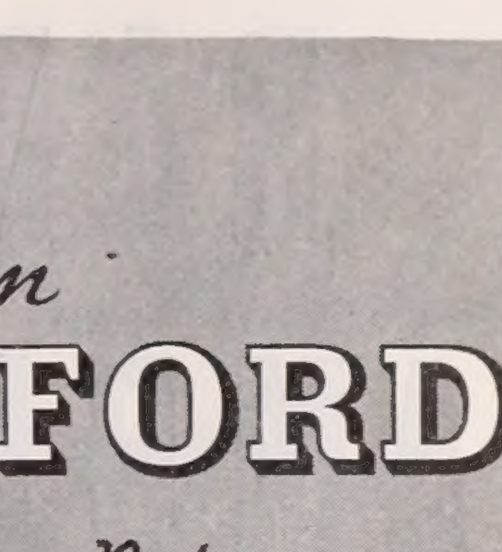
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Joan
CRAWFORD

Franchot TONE ★ Robert YOUNG







She was a cabaret singer...Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!



The BRIDE WORE RED

with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger *and* Bradbury Foote

Directed by
Dorothy
Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L.
MANKIEWICZ

RADIO RAMBLINGS

New notes of popular programs for late summer and early fall



Dorothy Lamour got nowhere in radio till she won success in movies. Now she is one of radio's higher-salaried songstresses.

They say we won't have television for at least two years. But *NBC's* Natalie Park will be ready for it.

MANY a radio program announced it was experimenting this summer in quest of new stars, but with the summer season coming to its close, none of the new stars have materialized. Of course, the genial voice of W. C. Fields has been booming out over the airways this summer for the first time. After all these years, however, radio doesn't go claiming credit for discovering the good W. C.

Harry Von Zell has emerged as an ingratiating master of ceremonies, as well as effective announcer—though nothing you'd stay home of a Sunday evening to hear. Working with Jane Froman, Freddie Lightner brought back memories of old vaudeville days by bringing up old vaudeville jokes. *CBS* may have something in the rich, but inexperienced and uncertain, coloratura voice of Hollace Shaw, a protégée of Conductor Mark Warnow. The experiments have not been as extensive as the advance announcements indicated.

Probably the summer newcomer who will be with us most regularly this coming season is Joe Laurie, the comedian heard regularly on the Vallee hour during June and July. At first they thought Joe was another Bob Burns or Edgar Bergen, ready to join those illustrious Vallee hour graduates. As the weeks passed, he turned out to be something less than that, but Joe will be heard frequently the coming season as a guest star, even if he does not land a program of his own. Joe possesses the gift, surprisingly rare among comedians, of writing his own scripts. Many a program this season, wondering where the next guest star is coming from, will summon Joe, sure that he can pull an amusing idea out of his sleeve—now that Rudy Vallee's program has called attention to him.

Radio hadn't bothered much with Joe Laurie up to this summer, but vaudeville veterans knew him well. Just as an example—when Parkyakarkus left Eddie Cantor last spring, Eddie summoned his old friend, Joe Laurie, as comedy writer to get things rolling smoothly over that change. That was just before Joe's term with Vallee.

"The first week I got out there," Joe relates, "we



Wide World

Shirley Temple is introduced by Eddie Cantor at the première of her new film, *Wee Willie Winkie*.

finished the script a couple of days early. Eddie said we'd all go to Palm Springs for a rest.

—•—

"Out in Hollywood there are a thousand old vaudeville people I wanted to visit, but he was so set on Palm Springs, I went. We had no sooner got there when he sent for me to start work on next week's program. That man never rests!

—•—

"When I got into my room at Palm Springs," Joe went on, "I ordered up a little drink of Scotch. One of Eddie's other writers warned me: 'Don't do that. Eddie would hate to see you start drinking.'

—•—

"I didn't get that until later. After a night's work, I started hollering for something to eat and Eddie suggested something light. When I said, 'Steak!' Eddie argued that was terrible for me. Then I got it.

—•—

"Eddie doesn't like to have his friends drink or eat steak in the middle of the night, because it's bad for his *stomach."*

—•—

Joe tells these derisive stories about Eddie, but underneath all that you have one of show business' real friendships. Eddie and Joe grew up in the same neighborhood on New York's East Side; they fought their way up through small-time vaudeville together. The friendship welded during those hard years has endured.

(*Continued on page 68*)

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

BEAUTY ADVICE



"Every hair has its place," says Emile, as he combs Maxine Marlowe's beautiful hair.



Rippling waves and slanting curls enhance Maxine's proud head and long, slender throat.



There is artistry in the casual carelessness of Jessica Dragonette's waves.

JUST supposin' all you had to do was wish! One wish, and you would resemble any radio star of your choice.

The idea is thrilling, for there are so many beautiful stars. But wait—which one would you choose? I'll bet I know what you would do! You would think of this star and that star. Then you would reject this one and that one. Finally, with a dreadful headache, you would come to the amazing conclusion that you would rather look like yourself. You would just want to improve yourself in every possible way.

I'll bet, too, you discovered something about yourself while you were playing this game. You discovered that you literally wear your personality on your face. No other face would fit. The crinkle at the corner of your eyes is from laughing. You certainly wouldn't be comfortable with a face that wouldn't let you laugh. Your nose is not pug but piquant because your manner is vivacious. How could you be happy, trying to look the stately lady, while dying to giggle?

Now, girls, that your heads are up and filled with a good healthy self-respect and self-confidence, we'll get on to the glorification business.

Looking for a glorification model, I found myself pursuing Maxine Marlowe. Maxine is the most photographed girl in Phil Spitalny's *All-Girl Band*. She also is one of the most photographed radio stars.

I caught up with Maxine at Rockefeller Center. Emile was "doing" her hair. They assured me her hair was going to be a masterpiece and as I watched Emile's magic comb fly, I had no doubt. But still, it was wet and kind of like the "before" pictures, so I decided to begin with her face and then come back to hair and Emile when the transformation was complete and the picture finished.

You can appreciate Maxine's lovely face and hair in these pictures, but you can't appreciate her lovely coloring. *"Exquiseet,"* Emile says. I thoroughly agree. Maxine's coloring is warm and vivid. A beautiful coloring, yet one that is easy to make flamboyant or faded with the wrong make-up. Maxine's make-up was perfect. So perfect that her beauty of face rivaled her lovely voice.

Of course I asked Maxine just what shades of make-up she was using and how in the world did she manage to find such marvelously blended tones? Maxine gave me a long, thoughtful look. She then informed me that I could not possibly wear her shade of make-up because my eyes were hazel. Here I had found a girl wearing the eye-matched make-up! The effect of this make-up was nothing short of perfection.

It always is a terrific problem to know just what shade of make-up is suitable. Those problems are gone forever now. All you have to do is determine the color of your eyes. Face powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and mascara are all harmonizing and keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

Eye-matched make-up is a new beauty secret. A secret that you are in on now. Your make-up just can't clash with itself or you when it is selected this way. Eye-matched make-up is the practical way to glamour.

"And look," Emile says, "Here is the coiffure—another practical way to glamour." And glamorous, indeed, is our model. Her coiffure has been especially designed for her, as that is Emile's specialty! From his salon Emile directs the waves and curls for many of the great stars and he says: "No two coiffures alike! Follow the fashions, yes,

Something new in make-up and something new on how to style an

By MARY BIDDLE



Gertrude Niesen shows a becoming coiffure to mold the lines of a long face.

but this one will need a curl here or that one will need a curl there, to be truly glorious."

This was just what I wanted Emile to say. Now I could ask him how he determined the coiffures for various types of faces, because all of you may not be able to visit Emile personally and each of you wants a becoming coiffure!

Emile was most generous. He selected various types and then explained how he designed their hairdresses. Emile takes more than the face and the head into consideration when styling a coiffure. The throat, the width of the shoulders, the weight, and the height play their part, as well as the face and head.

Maxine is slender, with a long slender throat, lovely eyes and brow, and a rather small, clear-cut face. Emile chose the long bob for Maxine, with sculptured waves loosely combed to outline her head. Curls were placed in the ends of the hair to soften the neckline. However, realizing the beauty of the swan-like throat, these were slanting curls that would call attention to its grace. The side part and the hair brushed back

(*Continued on page 75*)

individual coiffure

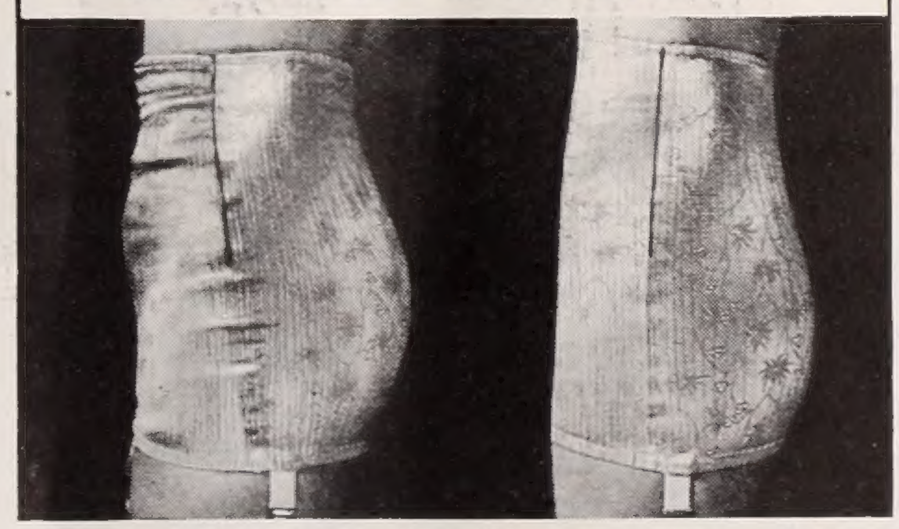
LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"



118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

WHAT A FIGURE!



IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE



Good News! the

KLEENEX* HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● There's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues saves towels, arguments, money!

Here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex Tissues are so very soothing and non-irritating. And they absorb grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room And in the Car, too.

For handkerchief use during colds . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*— to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

***KLEENEX**
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)*



When Rudy practiced his song for Coronation Week, it didn't make a hit with Himmel. But later listeners were delighted.

IT'S MY

By RUDY VALLEE

Columnist Rudy Vallee greets you again in these pages, with entertaining topics discussed with characteristic frankness

PRESENTING: An admission, a new angle on those much-talked-about strike films, a bit on theatre-names, word-discussion, notes on public servants, a joke, something about *BBC*, a quote from *Reader's Digest* and advice on the subject of chow-mein!

✦

Herewith the admission. One of Tyrone Power's big thrills was the sight of his name in lights over the theatre where he once ushered. That goes for me, too.

✦

Paramount Pictures, with due consideration for mass hysteria and in deference to a Congressional Committee, withheld for a time films taken in the steel district during the recent clashes between strikers and police on Memorial Day, last.

✦

Interspersed in the films have been occasional still shots, so that particular scenes could be more closely studied. To date, no one, at least as far as I have read, has pointed out the analogy in that this same technique was used in that excellent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Fury*. The court scene in that particular picture was, to my way of thinking, most unforgetable and the reactions of the culprits, as they saw their cowardly acts confronting them on the screen, were the most vivid portrayals of human emotions ever to be made into a talking picture.

I don't imagine many New Yorkers, or even out-of-towners, for that matter, ever think much about it, but the fact remains that there are theatres in New York named after great personalities of the theatre. It was at the Al Jolson Theatre that I, as a small town boy, saw my first big New York production, Bombo *by name, starring the great Al himself. Now, for no justifiable reason, I find myself upset every time I pass it to find that it is no longer the Al Jolson Theatre but, through the caprices of Italian Grand Opera promoters,* The Venezia, *or at least it was when I looked yesterday.*

✦

That leaves the Nora Bayes Theatre, the Ethel Barrymore, the Belasco, the Booth, the George M. Cohan and the Mansfield still bearing their famous names, even if some are laboring under the shame of cinematic presentation rather than the words of the Bard. To me there is something quite beautiful and touching in the thought that certain individuals have achieved renown great enough that a theatre should have been built in their name. Personally, I can think of no greater honor for the performer in the field of entertainment. I would like to feel that, in some cases, it was a sincere tribute on the part of the builders or the theatrical magnate and that the performer had paid nothing to have achieved this theatrical immortality. While time and progress may necessitate the renaming of some of these

HUMBLE OPINION—

theatres, I do believe that a petition should be circulated and signed to perpetuate the name of one of the world's greatest showmen through the theatre that now bears his name, the Roxy Theatre on Seventh Avenue at 50th Street.

That Roxy himself was a great personality among great personalities in the show world cannot be denied by even his severest detractors. I personally criticised him and the National Broadcasting Company most severely for their stupid and ungenerous first-night treatment of the opening of Radio City Music Hall. In my opinion the show should have been made up of those who had helped build radio, or at least a section of the best seats should have been reserved for those outstanding in radio—with tickets printed, perhaps, on metal coated with gold. Some such souvenir that would have made

(*Continued on page 81*)



Wide World

Reunion at Yale. Rudy joined two of his classmates for the parade to the annual Yale-Harvard baseball game, held in New Haven. All are members of the Yale Class of 1927.

Glare-Proof! *for smart young vagabonds*



Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter your face in strong open daylight

Bright light . . . Black shadows . . . Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Summer Brunette **Sunlight** (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Badminton is one of the many games Frank Parker offers guests at his Rowayton Beach, Conn., home. Andre and he have just batted out a game.



Wielding batons has put the band-leader in good shape for throwing darts. "Not bad at all," smiles our host," for a musician and beginner."

ANDRE VISITS FRANK

The singing Parker gives Maestro Kostelanetz a taste of the outdoors and puts him through athletic paces

Enough's plenty for one day! So the two *Chesterfield* stars go inside to discuss their next Wednesday's show on *CBS*, 9 p.m. *EDST*.

"So long, Frank, and thanks for everything," says the departing Andre. "You haven't seen anything yet," beams Frank. "Come again!"







Archery is yet another sport that the athlete-singer wants Andre to try. Decked out in arm-guard, he does a good job of imitating Frank.

As a final touch to the day's activities, Frank dons shorts and readies his favorite boat for a sail on Long Island Sound.



ROUGH HANDS made youthfully soft

Your hand skin chaps and roughens—ages sooner—when water and cold weather take special moisture out of the skin cells. Jergens Lotion *soaks in* more effectively than other lotions tested—soon puts back the lost moisture.



WHEN your hands chap and roughen, they actually begin to age! Because they have lost some of the special moisture that keeps young skin supple and smooth. But Jergens Lotion replaces the lost moisture—gives back inviting young smoothness to your hands. Jergens *soaks in*—more effectively than any other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable softening and whitening ingredients, used by many doctors. Young hands are lovable, charming—an asset to every woman of any age. And Jergens can help you have young hands! Get it today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter, and the $1.00 bottle now comes with a useful dispenser!

WALTER WINCHELL—every Sunday night—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

JERGENS LOTION

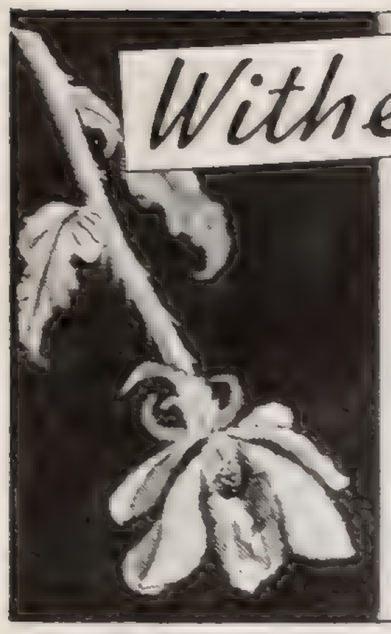
FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens *goes into* the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands!
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1634 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____





Withered!

Don't let Skin-Thirst do this to you!

Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded "Skin-Thirst" begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.



OLIVE OIL is the guardian of skin beauty

The protecting touch of Olive Oil in each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder keeps it from "sponging up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful complexion. Keep your beauty fresh and lovely —protected against "Skin-Thirst"!

Six luscious shades at drug and department stores 50c

For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

OUTDOOR GIRL



The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

AT HOME WITH THE





Bob Burns scored a scoop last May when he married Harriet Foster, his secretary. They're enjoying the new home, with their Chow.

Bob's bazooka playing has forced Harriet to take up the guitar in self defense. They hold private jam sessions on their front stoop.

Service from the little woman, who plants hubby in a soft chair after a hard day at Paramount, and lights up his trusty pipe.



BOB BURNS' Short-cut to Reno



"It's not so easy as it looks," says Bob, who is having a tough time with the dictophone. "I guess housework is lots easier than being my secretary. Huh, you weren't so dumb!"

"That's what you think," grins Harriet, giving Bob a taste of dish drying. And he, looking none too happy, is probably thinking his radio and screen work is a cinch compared to either of wifey's jobs.





A short, but frequent, story . . . "Lysol" disinfectant made the ending happy.

JUDY and Bill grew up together . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "*They'll* be happy".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them *both* into the world, discovered the *real* story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman *seldom knows* she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleansing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant



FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 10-RS
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

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Beginner's Luck-1937

SPECIAL CHILD CLINICS . . . SPECIAL DAILY CARE . . .

EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE

NO WONDER TODAY'S CHILDREN GET A BETTER START!

WHAT a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!

No leave-it-to-chance care for him.



Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn't it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child's little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an "adult" laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest Fletcher's Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child's laxative—made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.



A famous baby specialist has said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children don't balk at taking it. That's important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child's entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Laxative Made *Especially* for Babies and Growing Children





Conductor Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Singing Orchestra, heard every Monday evening at 9:30 p.m. *EDST*, over the *NBC-Red* network. Before assembling these beautiful girl musicians, Spitalny directed numerous symphony, theatre and radio orchestras. He claims the girls excel in love songs.



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

It is unusual for the same program to be twice given the Radio Stars Award for Distinguished Service to Radio. But once again Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra, unquestionably, merit the honor.

His organization is playing the best music of its brilliant career. The most difficult orchestrations are thoroughly mastered, and, despite any musical intricacies, the soulful Spitalny quality is never lacking. It is a delight to the ears and soul.

He has labored tirelessly for perfection. No other musical organization rehearses as often or as long. Or as conscientiously. But then, what other orchestra reaches the listener's heart so effectively?

Fortunately, Phil Spitalny is as much a student of human nature as he is of music. That, more than anything, is the secret of his success. It explains why he is able to train his girl musicians to play as capably as men; why his selections are always in good taste and pleasing to hear; why the girls think so highly of his talent and judgment; why they would willingly rehearse even longer if he wished.

To Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra, of the *General Electric Program*, Radio Stars Magazine again presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Ester C. Grady

RIPLEY HIMSELF IS A

DID you know that Robert L Ripley, the old credulity tester and imagination strainer, has a secret past? Well, he has, believe-it-or-not! And not only a secret past, but an athletic past. For instance . . .

Ripley once had a tryout with the *New York Giants*, as an infielder, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley was three times national handball champion, both singles and doubles, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley broke his right arm throwing a curve ball, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley came back that same season to play first base, left-handed, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley once wrestled on the same card with Strangler Lewis and Stanislaus Zbyszko when they were grappling for the world's championship, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley never received a dime for his performance that night, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley travelled as a baseball writer with the *Giants, Yankees* and *Dodgers,* believe-it-or-not!

Ripley never has a day off, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley was drawing sports cartoons as long ago as 1910, when he covered the Jim Jeffries-Jack Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada, for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* believe-it-or-not!

Ripley is as adroit at jiu-jitsu as any white man now living, believe-it-or-not!

Ripley is as close a follower of sports as any other fan in the entertainment field, believe-it-or-not!

Since Ripley always supplies proof for the multitudinous items of incredibility in his radio programs and cartoons, the least we can do is to offer documentary evidence in support of Rip's secret and athletic past.

Perhaps Ripley's baseball achievements are the most remarkable of all. Thirty years ago, as a kid at Santa Rosa High School in California, Bob was a pitcher and short-stop. The fact that he showed enough ability to be taken to the Marlin, Texas, spring training camp of the *Giants* by John McGraw, five years after, indicates that Ripley was no ordinary high school player.

Ripley was a highly skilful fielder, according to Eddie Brannick, who was travelling secretary of the *Giants* then, and still travels with the club Eddie says that Rip couldn't hit wel



Before changing sponsors, Ripley gives Harriet Hilliard one of his curios while his brother, Doug, and Douglas Storer watch.

Collecting data for his broadcasts and cartoons isn't easy. He's working here with his associates, Storer and Joe Simpson.

Turning the tables on the "truth is stranger than fiction" man,

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT!

BY TOM MEANY



Returning from a trip to Alaska, Ripley began the new *General Foods Program* heard Fridays at 9 p.m. *EDST* on *NBC-Blue*.

enough and Rip himself says the same thing, so it must be so

Apparently, Ripley was bound to travel with the *Giants*, for when he couldn't make the grade as a member of the team, he promptly became attached to them as a sports correspondent for the *New York Globe*. The only other instances of former ball players becoming writers, that I know of, are the cases of Stan Baumgartner, now writing for the *Philadelphia Ledger*, who was a southpaw pitcher for the *White Sox* and *Athletics*, and Warren Brown, sports editor of the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*, who was a first baseman in the Pacific Coast League for a brief period.

Instances of a ball player breaking his arm throwing a ball are as rare as the anatomical curiosa which Ripley himself is forever unearthing. Rip, who really liked baseball, organized his own team one summer, after the War—the *Ripley All-Stars*. They played on Long Island against most of the semi-pro teams of that vicinity.

Pitching one Sunday in May, Ripley delivered the ball with such violence that his right arm suffered a muscular break below the elbow, the bone breaking as sharply as though he had been pole-axed. Yet, in August of that year, Ripley was back playing with his *All-Stars* again, this time as a first baseman and throwing left-handed! Incidentally, this ambidexterity of Ripley's was not impromptu, for he started playing tennis as a southpaw, switching to right-handed tennis after he had been playing for some years.

A reminder of Ripley's career as a baseball writer turned up only recently in the form of a letter from Larry Doyle, who had been captain of the *Giants* when Bob was an infield aspirant. Larry wrote Bob to tell him that a fan recently had sent him the original baseball with which he had hit a home run in 1912. The fan, sitting in the stands at the Polo Grounds, had caught the ball, kept it as a memento for a quarter of a century and returned it to Doyle when he read that the former *Giant* captain was organizing a baseball school for youngsters.

Rip was quite friendly with several members of the *Giant* teams of that period, (*Continued on page 66*)

here are some facts about his life as amazing as any he's told

ROMANCE AT THE MET

Two lovers of great music, Rose Bampton and Wilfred Pelletier have found a newer, greater love





By

FAITH

FENWICK

Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air*, has directed the Met and *NBC* orchestras and coached some of the most famous opera stars.

Rose Bampton made her début at the Met when she was only 21, becoming the "baby star." It was Conductor Wilfred Pelletier who tutored her in soprano rôles.



A typical American girl, there is nothing of the prima donna about the vital, unassuming young singer.



Wedded last May, the Pelletiers' trip abroad is combining a honeymoon with Rose's concert singing.

THE Reverend Albert E. Thomas, Presbyterian minister in Elkton, Maryland, looked searchingly at the young couple standing before him. Here, to this modern Gretna Green, come countless lovers in quest of a speedy or a secret marriage, and a minister must sometimes question if the two who seek his services really feel the serious nature of the step they are so hastily taking, or if it is a momentary impulse, soon to be tragically regretted.

But this time the minister felt no qualms. There was something in the starry glance the two exchanged, as they looked deep into each other's eyes, something in the still radiance of those two faces upturned to his, in the hushed ecstasy of their firm responses, which told him that, more than a mere marriage, this was a mating of kindred spirits, a union of two who asked no sweeter thing of life than to live it for and with each other.

And, as he spoke the final words of the familiar ritual: *"I pronounce you man and wife,"* it was as if they heard the chime of sweet bells ringing—ringing out the old and single, separate existences, ringing in the new life that was to be theirs together.

So, on that radiant May morning, Rose Bampton, lovely young Metropolitan Opera star, became the bride of Dr. Wilfred Pelletier, the Metropolitan's distinguished conductor, program director, coach and composer.

Not yet, however, did they share their precious secret. Not with the public. Not even with their closest friends. The world, for a little time, held only those two, who needed no pomp and ceremony, no gala celebration, to mark their marriage.

When the brief and binding words had been said, they started north, to Canada. No regular honeymoon was possible, just then, for Dr. Pelletier was due to conduct a Bach festival in Montreal, and Rose Bampton was to be the soloist.

After the festival was over, they spent a week in the Canadian city which is Wilfred Pelletier's birthplace and his family's home, and the conductor introduced his bride to his family. Here they found time to take long walks together, he and she. They went swimming together, took snapshots of each other, and were very merry and gay, as any young bride and groom might be. Then back to New York again, for other musical engagements.

Not till two weeks later, when they sailed together on the *Champlain* for a real European honeymoon, did their countless friends receive the little white cards, with the message:

"Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bampton
have the honor of
announcing the marriage of their daughter
Rose Elizabeth
to
Dr. Wilfred Pelletier
on Monday the twenty-fourth of May
One thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven
Elkton, Maryland"

It can't be said that this news was exactly a surprise to the many friends and associates of the young singer and opera conductor. They had been, from their first meeting, when Rose came to the Met five years ago, devoted and loyal friends. And for the past year none could miss the starry glances of (*Continued on page 90*)

Martha's in blackface! Miss Raye sings the title song of the *Public Melody No. 1* sequence in Paramount's new Jack Benny movie musical, titled *Artists and Models.*



And here's that gay and original comedian, pint-sized Joe Laurie, Jr., another of Rudy Vallee's finds, heard on his *Variety Hour.*



IN THE



William Haussler

Two in a canoe on a summer's day. Irene Rich, stage, screen and radio favorite, and the diminutive dachshund, Irene's favorite.

You know these! That unique ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen, dummy Charlie McCarthy, and Dorothy Lamour of *Chase and Sanborn Hour.*

Tum-tum-ti-tum! Here comes Helen Pershing Healy, charming bride of Leibert Lombardo, younger brother of bandleader Guy Lombardo.

Wide World





RADIO SPOTLIGHT





Co-starred in *NBC's Streamlined Shakespeare,* Elaine Barrie and John Barrymore are interviewed by Elza Schallert on her broadcast.

You Can't Have Everything is the title of the movie whence comes this scene. But Alice Faye and Don Ameche seem content!

One day the telephone rang! Tommy answered it. The secretary of the Metropolitan Opera *Auditions of the Air* asked him to come over.

Thomas Llyfnwy Thomas, young Welsh baritone, now on the Met roster and *Show Boat* soloist.

SING A

THE church at Maestag, a small town in Glamorganshire, South Wales, was going to give a concert. It would be, thought the music director and conductor, a good chance for his small son to gain experience in singing in public. So he coached the boy, who had sung ever since he could talk, in some of his little songs.

"If you get an encore, Tommy," said his father, thinking to ensure a good performance, "I'll give you a sixpence."

The boy's big blue-gray eyes widened. He would sing for sheer love of singing, but—a sixpence, all his own! When the night of the concert came, he went out on to the platform and sang his heart out. When he had finished, the audience applauded enthusiastically and his father nodded to him to begin his second song.

"Not till I get the sixpence!" cried young Tommy loudly, to the vast delight of the audience. Then, the coveted coin clasped in his small, moist hand, he sang again

So, at the age of six, Thomas L. Thomas, winner of last season's Metropolitan Opera auditions and the new *Show Boat* baritone, made his first bow

Thomas Llyfnwy Thomas is



Winners of the Met *Auditions of the Air*, Miss Maxine Stellman, soprano, and Thomas L. Thomas, baritone, with Director Edward Johnson, and Charles Lemperly, representing the sponsors.

By NANCY BARROWS

SONG OF SIXPENCE

to the public.

It's a long way from Glamorganshire in South Wales to Broadway, and a big jump from a sixpence to a thousand-dollar check, which, along with a contract, was Tommy's reward for winning the Metropolitan Opera auditions. But the young Welsh lad with the marvelous voice still pours out his heart when he sings.

Music is, truly, his native tongue. His grandfather, a Welsh miner, journeyed to America to seek silver, in those days when Denver was the center of the great silver boom. And when he was not wielding a pick, Grandfather Thomas drilled a choir of miners, cowboys and Indians, that made the welkin ring.

Tommy's father, who went into the Welsh coal mines at the age of eleven, was similarly possessed by music. The first instrument he owned was a tin whistle, on which he tooted manfully at old, familiar, Welsh airs. Saving his scarce pennies, one day he became the proud possessor of a fife—a cheap little pipe, with only holes for stops. But with it he presently became leader of the local fife and drum corps. Next he acquired a flute, upon which he learned to play so exquisitely that the Royal Academy of Music in London gave him its cherished degree. Later Thomas père conducted the London Symphony Orchestra.

When Tommy was twelve, the family migrated to America, to the Scranton coal mines.

"I'll never forget," says Tommy reminiscently, "my first day in Scranton. I was wearing short pants, as the boys at home did, and short socks. The neighborhood boys followed me home from the store, pulling up their long pants and rolling down their socks and jeering at me! It was a bitter moment for me—a hard pill to swallow! Afterwards, though, we became friends. Some of them still are my good friends."

Tommy finished his schooling in the Scranton public schools and decided to become an engineer. He studied mechanical engineering and draughtsmanship and worked his way up from oiling engines to become, at twenty, assistant manager of the sales production department of an engineering firm.

And when he wasn't working at engines, Tommy sang. In school, in church, in concerts, his sweet young voice presently became a familiar delight to all of Scranton. He studied with his father and with a local teacher who ventured to predict great things for his young pupil.

That year when Tommy was twenty, just four years ago, Nelson Eddy came to Scranton to sing a concert. After the concert young Thomas was invited to meet the singing star at the home of a music-loving friend. Tommy sang for Nelson. They sang together. And afterwards Nelson Eddy turned to the lad. Seriously he said: "You should go to New York. Your (*Continued on page 78*)

a name that is going to be famous in the world of music

JERITZA,

A glamorous queen of the opera, a great woman, she is as simple as she is splendid and superb

BY GLADYS HALL



Culver Photo

Left, Maria Jeritza as she appeared in the opera *Boccaccio*, one of her earlier rôles. *Below*, shown with Edsel Ford *(left)* and Conductor Victor Kolar *(right)*, Madame Jeritza was honored by being chosen as the inaugural soloist on the first *Ford Sunday Evening Hour.*



THE MAGNIFICENT

SHE is ripe fields of golden corn, a goddess of Plenty, a daughter of the Valkyrie, an empress and a peasant. One hears, in her voice, the pride of empires, the pomp and circumstance of kings, the *Beautiful Blue Danube,* the lusty shouts of tomboys at play, the sound and scent of growing things, the cries of the croupiers at Monte Carlo, the rich laughter of a child, the strains of *Tosca, Carmen, Lohengrin* . . . She can *"talk with kings, nor lose the common touch."* And has. There is about her a triumphant joy of living, a fertile promise of huge generosities of heart, of spirit, of understanding. One could come to her in triumph and find applause. One could come to her in sorrow and find solace. She might be, reincarnated, Ceres, the Goddess of the Grain and of Agriculture. She is the perfect combination of the divine diva holding, controlled, the thunderbolts of temperament in her hands, and the thrifty housewife who orders her household, competently. She is, as are all truly great women, all women in one. She is, as are all great people, a lover of all things —a lover of splendor and regalia, of flowers and books and children, of sumptuous things and simple things, of gardens and good talk and food. She is splendid and simple and superb.

To attempt to encompass Maria Jeritza in a few hundred words is like attempting to fence in the panorama of the heavens with a handful of picket fencing. There is an embarrassment of riches. One is possessed of limitless material—adventures, triumphs, emotions, conquests, romances, riches, philosophies . . . One can only plunge one's pen into this teeming treasure and hope to come forth with at least a few of the more illuminating details. Her pattern of life has been, and is, woven with the rich threads of every color in the spectrum. With, predominating, the passionate colors of scarlet and purple and gold.

An extremist, Jeritza. One who could run the gamut of potentialities. One who could break a heart, or an empire, boisterously, brutally, and mend it on her knee, bathing it in tears.

And so, I shall have to be verbally extravagant. I shall defy most of the laws of "good writing" which ordain few adjectives, a toning down of superlatives, a rigid economy of the florid and the (*Continued on page 62*)

Color Photo





Left, a beautiful Eva in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and *(right)* the Jeritza of today, now married to Winfield Sheehan and signed for a weekly radio series this autumn.

BLACK IS WHITE

NBC's Musical Director, a sports fan and regular guy, is a contradiction of the popular conception of conductors

FRANK BLACK is the Musical Director of the National Broadcasting Company.

More than that, he is *Dr.* Frank Black, a member (with palms) of the French Academy and one of the ablest musicians in these United States.

Yet, in spite of the imposing list of titles and the top-flight position he holds, it is widely known that he is unassuming, unaffected and entirely natural.

For one thing, he arrives, blithe and chipper, at his desk at 7:45 in the morning, before anyone else has so much as stuck his head in the building. There, with a deskful of work laid out before him, he tackles a French coffee cup that holds just a pint of coffee. He says he has to get there early if he wants to get any real work done before the phones at his elbow start hissing him. Besides, he doesn't want to get too much sleep. He can usually stand six hours of it when he isn't busy, but more often it's less. There's work to be done!

Would you like his well-paid job? Musical Director of the National Broadcasting Company—rolled over the tongue it sounds good, doesn't it? But consider before you decide to move in.

Consider the early hour of 7:45 and the fact that you would, of necessity, have to get up at 6:45 to dress and make the office. You wouldn't mind that? You often wake up at that hour and have a peek at the weather through one eye before you go back to sleep again, you say? Well, then, there's an orchestration that you started at home last night while your dinner guests were amusing themselves at bridge. It will be 158,912 notes long (the actual length of one used by Black in a *Coca Cola* show) and will require some fifty hours' work in all.

But that's just a beginning! Your secretary will arrive at 8:30, bringing you a fresh cup of coffee and a list of the appointments you have for the day. All morning long you will interview people (every single *NBC* musical item is your direct responsibility) and attend to finicky business details until lunch time, which means nothing to you because the star of a show is sulking and must be pacified. (Black recently had a run-in with Kay Thompson. She insisted that the trumpet section walk down in front and play immediately behind her *Rhythm Singers.* When he explained that it was impossible, as the next number was a symphonic work and the trumpeters couldn't get back to their places in the brass section in time to blend into the music properly, she walked out of the studio just as the show, *The Magic Key of RCA* was about to go on. He's regular but he's not soft.)

The same routine goes for the afternoon, except that you will have to rehearse sixty-five musicians and a chorus of twenty-five singers from 2:00 to 4:00, get back to the office for more business and a pile of correspondence. The *Revelers* drop in at 6:00 to discuss a program and to rehearse, and there's another big rehearsal at 7:00 and an arrangement to study over until 9:00, when you're on the air. Dinner? Let it wait!

I had a mental picture of the man who does this every day. In my mind was the old-time musician with dirty shirt and flowing black tie. Naturally, his hair would be long enough to braid, and temper and temperament a matter of course. I even saw myself being rapidly assisted out of his office by a couple of harpists.

A Mr. Street from *NBC* introduced me to the Maestro. For a moment I was completely forgotten as they fell to discussing the forthcoming Artists and Writers' golf tournament and the Braddock-Louis fight. Did I hear aright? Dr. Black was saying that if he could get away he was going to take in both of them. While I was recovering from this, I studied the man. Well-cut blue suit, neatly pressed. Clean shirt and small-figured foulard tie that I would have swapped two of mine for. Bushy hair? Grayish, yes—bushy, no. A pair of keen eyes looked out from horn-rimmed glasses and his lips, largish but well-formed, curved up into a pleasant smile. A genuine maestro, entering a golf tournament!

His office—large and spacious, its walls covered with subdued caricatures of not-so-subdued conductors and a couple of rather good oils—boasted a grand piano and the usual *NBC* loudspeaker with its dial-like station selector which permits the tuning-in of other programs.

All in all, I was so taken aback that I glanced covertly at his desk pad. Upside-down I read, "Bill Perkins, 12:00, RADIO STARS," so I knew that I was in the right place as he turned to me.

"Sorry to bother you," I began, "I know that you're a busy man."

"No bother at all," he smiled and rested his face in his hand the way Rachmaninoff does (cynics have suggested that Rachmaninoff even sits thusly in his bath), "fire away."

The first shot fired brought out the astounding fact that, as a boy, he wasn't attracted to (*Continued on page 60*)

By

WILLIAM PERKINS

Dr. Blank's talented hands on the key board, and three views of the Maestro conducting, explaining the score and rehearsing for the Carnegie Contented Hour.

Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer regale Conductor Leopold Stowkowski with some choice music. Leopold seems to be giving the boys a lusty "cheer."

"Flash! Exclusive!" And Walter Winchell's smile is exclusive, too, for no one sees his broadcasts.

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

CBS mermaids, Betty Reller of *Betty and Bob*, Patricia Dunlap of *Bachelor's Children* and Sunda Love of *The Romance of Helen Trent*.



Ed East and Ralph Dumke, *Sisters of the Skillet* and *Quality Twins* to countless radio listeners, indulge in a little Mexican madness on the air.





This smile gets nowhere with Jack Smart, as doorman in *100 Men and a Girl*. "Don't try it on me!" he warns *Patsy* (Deanna Durbin), "for you can't get in!"



Looking like two different men, Andre Kostelanetz as radio knows him on the *Chesterfield* program, and *below*, all prettied up for his movie rôle in Paramount's new musical, *Artists and Models*.



Preceded heroine of *Don Winslow of the Navy*. She is Betty Lou Gerson, also heard in *A Tale of Today* and *The* [illegible] *Mary Marlin*.

ONE OF THE ROVING DICKENSONS

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines a coloratura soprano as one who indulges in: *"Florid ornaments, as runs, trills, or rapid passages in vocal music."*

The *American Album of Familiar Music* air-show defines one as: *"Jean Dickenson, 23, 5'4", comely protégée of Lily Pons."*

Both are correct in that they refer to Jean Dickenson, who is a coloratura soprano, who allows herself, ". . . . runs, trills or rapid passages in vocal music" on the *Album,* Sunday nights.

This attractive young girl—who has a crackerjack background of study here and abroad, operatic experience and considerable air work, including the romantic lead opposite Dick Powell on *Hollywood Hotel*—is often described as a "cosmopolitan," ever an awesome word.

"Are you really a 'cosmopolitan?'" I shuddered as I asked.

She thought a minute before she answered. The interval gave me time to study this high-note singing sensation. Pretty? Yes, if hazel eyes, a soft complexion and dark brown hair mean anything. Clothes? Over a slim "figger" she wore a hostess gown of cream-colored figured satin, a brooch in the shape of a jeweled orb, slippers of white fur — the whole bringing up into a pleasing effect. This singer is not — and never will be — the horsey, a yard-wide type of singer our fathers had to put up with—she weighs-in at 108.

"I'm afraid of that word 'cosmopolitan,'" she said, with something like a smile tangling itself up in her soft voice. "I know it's supposed to indicate a very smooth sort of individual but, actually, isn't a cosmopolitan just this side of a suave hobo?"

Since I leave definitions to the aforementioned Mr. Webster, who seems to be going places in that respect, I skipped the answer to this erudite question and went on to pry into her life.

"Well," she began, "I was born in Montreal, in 1913. My folks, at the time, were on their way from Alaska to India. I was . . . . *Gilly! Gilly! Come here, sir!*"

This loud interruption was addressed to a wild-eyed Scottish terrier who appeared, in part, from under the divan, with the remains of a satin slipper in his mouth. One look at his mistress' face gave him his cue and he took to cover again, turning miraculously in the narrow space at his disposal, so that his black tail projected, waving uncertainly.

"My dog, Gilly," she explained tersely, en route to dog and slipper. It took perhaps five seconds to recover both by means of the projecting portion and to address a few well-chosen words to the former. Gilly, it turned out, was not named after the Scotch game-beaters, rather, the name is a contraction of two Scotch-Gaelic words meaning "handsome boy." Dejected at the moment, but undeniably handsome—low-slung, excellent head (bangs parted, she explained, because the vet says they are more masculine than straight bangs), good tail and a coat as black as the blackest coal—he was invited by his mistress to perform for me. But first they discussed what he was to do.

"Gilly," said Jean, "I would count it a great favor if

Variety in living has added spice to Jean's personality, voice and success



Canadian born Jean Dickenson has lived in India, England, France and America. A protégée of Lily Pons, the youthful soprano appears regularly on Frank Black's American Album of Familiar Music, Sundays, 9:30 EDST.

BY WILLIAM VALLEE

you'd sing for us. After all, you've been a bad boy, so you *must* be nice—what do you think?"

Gilly thought for a moment and then answered her with a few guttural sounds that apparently meant consent. At least, Jean took them that way and she turned out to be right, for, lifting his head, Gilly sang lustily. If you don't believe me—well—well, he *did* sing and in so doing reminded me of a woman I know back in Westbrook, Maine—only Gilly sang better.

With the recital over, Jean continued:

"I'm afraid we Dickensons sound like a terrible bunch of rovers, but that's something beyond our control. My father, you see, is a mining engineer with the Ingersoll-Rand Company, and whenever a new vein of this-or-that is discovered, he has to pack and run." (*Continued on page 87*)

Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

A LESSON IN FAILURE

It took a complete flop to teach Ray Heatherton about success, but he knows the answers now

BY MURIEL BABCOCK



"I HAD to fail miserably and utterly, after once I had been a radio hot shot, before I found out that making good entails a lot of hard work and a lot of keeping a level head. I had to fall flat on my nose!

"I'm glad I failed. I'm glad I flopped completely—only it was tough at the time—because I'll never be so bumptious, so extravagant, so cocksure of myself again."

Ray Heatherton spooned another mouthful of the fresh grapefruit the waiter had put before him, and continued: "I think anyone who gets anywhere in this world and—don't mistake me, I'm no howling success as yet, but at least I'm doing the thing I like best, singing—has had somebody behind him, pushing him, telling him he's good, that he *can* do it. Telling him to have faith and keep on, even though the rest of the world thinks he's lousy.

"Don't call me a mother's boy, because she'd hate that and I would, too, but honestly my mother is responsible for every bit of success I've had. If it hadn't been for her encouragement, I'd be a clerk in the telephone company, today."

He paused. "Well, it's quite a story—how I got on the radio. Has something to do with singing at funerals, with a swell gesture by Jimmy Melton, with my mother, with my getting success too early, quite a story—want to hear it?"

I said I did. We were sitting at luncheon in Sardi's, famous rendezvous of theatrical, radio and movie folk, on 44th Street, west of Broadway, New York—just across the street from the Shubert Theatre where Ray's name was blazoned as one of the principals in *Babes in Arms*, the new Hart-Rodgers musical, a Manhattan summer hit show.

I had just seen it. Seen Ray turning in a swell performance both as actor and singer, opposite its star, Mitzi Green, the one-time child movie actress, who now is a long-legged, clever girl of seventeen. On the stage, Ray looked about Mitzi's age—an attractive boy with dark brown hair, deep blue eyes, and a lot of vitality. Youthful.

And so I wasn't prepared for the handsome, poised young man of twenty-eight, in white linens, who showed up at my table. He was older than the kid of the stage. And he wasn't actorish. He was more on young business man lines, more of the type that knows he is going someplace in this world and gives evidence of it by his casual air of assurance.

I liked him. I liked what he said about his mother, directly and frankly. It wasn't sob stuff—none of this! *"Mammy, everything I am I owe to you!"* But an honest, sincere appreciation of affection and gratitude for what his mother had done. I liked the fact that he wasn't self-conscious about saying so, for, as we know, most boys and men think that paying a pretty tribute to mother went out of style practically with Abraham Lincoln.

Incidentally, Mrs. Heatherton isn't in the public eye. Along Broadway or Radio Row, they don't know her. She is no famous stage or party mama as Clifton Webb's

mother, who once battered down theatrical managers' doors in behalf of her son, who will spend long hours shopping for his amusing costumes, who adores going to giddy, gay parties with son as escort.

No, Mrs. Heatherton with her dignified presence, her gracious manners, her stiff-as-a-ramrod carriage, her old-fashioned hats that tie with ribbon under her chin, keeps very much in the background. She never is around the Shubert Theatre. She never is around the broadcasting stations. She never goes to parties with Ray. He has his girl friends—ah, that's another story we'll get to in a minute.

But it was she who encouraged Ray, when he was a small boy, to keep on (*Continued on page 72*)

Hollywood, they say, has its eye on the young singer, star of Broadway's *Babes in Arms*, who also warbles on the *CBS* networks. He won't go haywire if he becomes a screen glamour boy.

When Ray's future looked very black, he sang at funerals, took a job as phone inspector to fill in. Then came Jimmy Melton and a welcome audition which paved the way for his new rise.

Ray Heatherton first aired his romantic baritone with Paul Whiteman back in 1928. The *Chesterfield* show, with Kay Thompson and Andre Kostelanetz, was one of his favorite commercials.



SHE KNEW WHAT SHE



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Trudy Wood's radio début was at the Biltmore Rendezvous in Hollywood in 1934. Her big opportunity came in 1937 when Fred Astaire chose her to sing on the *Packard Program*. But her outstanding achievement, she says, is her marriage to "a wonderful man."

HAVING to choose between marriage and a career would present no problem to little Trudy Wood of the *Packard Program*. She did not want a career, in the first place. It was marriage she dreamed of, marriage she looked forward to. At sixteen, she was slim and pretty, with a warm, sweet voice and an eager ambition to sing in school operettas. But above and beyond that desire, her girlish dreams were of a home, a husband and children.

It was because her own home life was always so happy that Trudy could conceive of nothing lovelier than duplicating it. The second oldest in a family of four girls, she has enjoyed to the full their companionship and the love and understanding of her parents. It is a fine tribute to those parents that Trudy has such a clear vision of what she wants of life, and that it is in its essence a replica of their own pattern for living.

Trudy was born in San Francisco and lived for a while in New York, but her mother and father moved to southern California while she was still a baby, in order that she might benefit by the warm climate, for she had had pneumonia and was delicate. As they had hoped, the baby thrived and Hollywood became home for the growing family.

But the little girls grew up in no exotic atmosphere. If they were influenced at all by their nearness to the film capital, it was to have few illusions about that particular career and no desire to be a part of that picturesque but difficult life. Instead, they lived normally, contentedly, absorbed in their home and in each other. Trudy says feelingly that she is sorry for anyone who does not know the joys of being one of a large family. She adores her sisters, and neither career nor marriage has separated her from her family or ever will.

In her early 'teens, she drifted into a pleasant companionship with a boy and vaguely planned that when school days were over, she would play the long-dreamed-of rôle of bride. But Trudy is deeply grateful now that that particular plan miscarried, and that instead she took the high road to adventure—that road that led so surprisingly, so swiftly, to success—and to Bill!

After two years in a church school, she went to Beverly Hills High School, from which she graduated. Without any particular training or study, she sang very sweetly and it was natural that her voice should be featured at the graduation exercises. Trudy was pleased, but she felt a twinge of disappointment, too, because she had hoped that the final exercises would be in the form of an operetta, as they had in years past, and that she would have a leading rôle in it.

With that particular ambition thwarted, she began to look elsewhere for an opportunity. She had always been an ardent radio fan, dashing home from school to tune in on Bing Crosby. Now, turning the dial, listening to the various interpreters of popular songs, she began to wonder if she could do anything like that herself. When she read about a contest being staged by *Hollywood Hotel*, she had a sudden inspiration to try out.

To her delight, she won. The next step was a trip to San Francisco for further auditions. Briefly, Trudy's luck went behind a cloud, for she became ill en route and although she sang according to schedule, like a true trouper, she had a high fever and was really desperately ill with flu. But although she lost out, as far as the contest was concerned, she was signed by *KHJ*, and a week after graduation started work, singing with the

WANTED

By MIRIAM ROGERS

Love and marriage come first with young Trudy Wood who sings on the Packard show

and at the Biltmore Rendezvous in Hollywood. This was in 1934, and from then on the months slipped happily by to the varied tunes of the current popular hits. She had planned to go to college, but, without consciously deciding against it, drifted from one engagement to another until school no longer seemed a logical part of the picture.

She sang over various programs and with several dance bands, touring with George Hamilton's band and later with Jimmie Grier's. Her first big opportunity, as far as radio is concerned, came when Fred Astaire plucked her out of the chorus to sing sentimental duets with him on the *Packard Program*. Trudy was thrilled and eager to succeed, but she confesses shyly that that seemed less important to her than what had happened the previous spring. For in her autobiography, the outstanding achievement of her young life to date is, as she puts it herself: "marriage to a wonderful man."

It was while she was traveling with Jimmie Grier's orchestra that she met Bill Bryan, *NBC* announcer. At their first meeting in San Antonio, which was his home, she refused an invitation to go out with him. But when the itinerary of the band was unexpectedly changed, and she found herself back in San Antonio, she felt herself drawn to the tall, dark Texan, who again approached her. The band lingered and the new friendship ripened rapidly into romance. When Trudy had to return to Hollywood, Bill decided that his own opportunities lay in that city, and returned with her.

From the beginning, Trudy had no doubts. When she had known him a year, she secured a week's leave of absence from the band and went to San Antonio, where she was married to Bill at an informal wedding, with Bill's people to give the parental blessing. Her own people could not be there, but Trudy knew that, out of their love for her, her family would understand. And in the year which concluded with their anniversary in June, she has convinced them. It is so *right*, this marriage.

Trudy seems like a little girl playing house, she is so young—barely twenty—and so slim and girlish. But talking to her, you see that she is very serious-minded and that whatever she does will be the result of clear thinking and careful decision. She knows what she wants, she has a deep sense of values and, though essentially a dreamer, is intent on shaping her life to fit those dreams and high ideals.

She and Bill have a duplex apartment in the heart of Hollywood. Trudy has had grand fun selecting furniture. With not much to spend, she has been careful and chosen only what they needed, but little by little they are acquiring a nucleus for the real home they plan to have some day.

Three nights a week she cooks their simple suppers, (*Continued on page 96*)



"I love my work—but I love being married more!" says Trudy. She lives in Hollywood with her husband and their pet Scottie. And all her songs are sung to Bill.

REHEARSAL DOODLINGS . . .

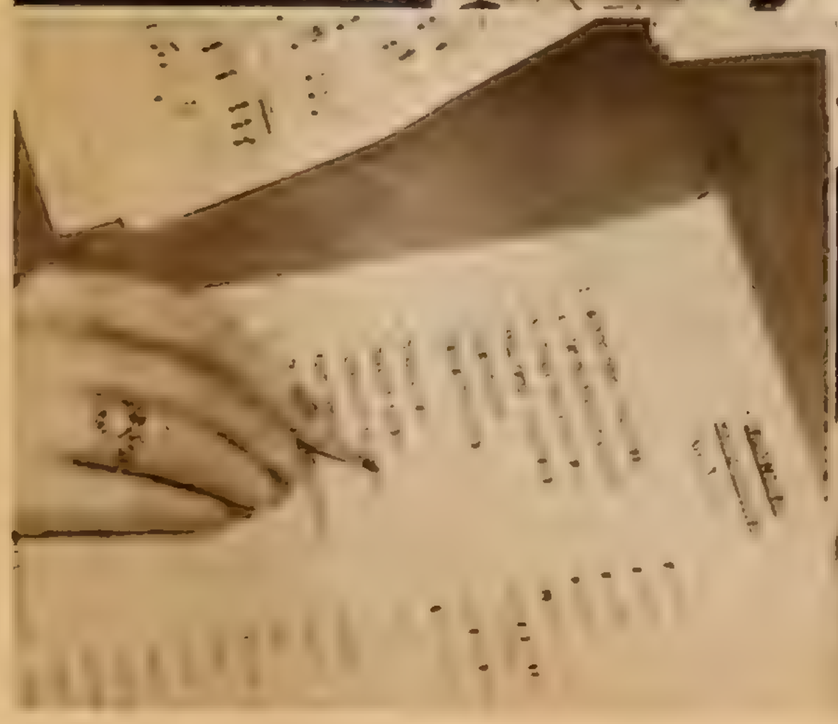






Pixilated? Perhaps! *Doodlings*, you recall, was Gary Cooper's word (in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*) for those betraying habits of ours when the mind is otherwise engaged. Observe these radio stars! Above is Frances Langford's doodling! *Right (top to bottom)*, Raymond Paige flips his baton, Igor Gorin pulls at his necktie nervously, while he sings, and Jerry Cooper twirls his key chain! *Below*, the hand is that of Ken Niles, drawing little faces as he studies his script. The O-filler, in the lower left, is Anne Jamison, the popular little songbird of *Hollywood Hotel*, and the lady above, Louella Parsons, famed personality of the air, chews pencils as she works.









COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by *NBC-Red;* the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue;* the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS.* and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS.*

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: *11:00* A. M EDST becomes *10:00* A. M. *EST and CDST; 9:00* A. M. *MDST and CST; 8:00* A. M. *PDST and MST; 7:00* A. M. *PST.*

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— RED NETWORK

WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
WNAC	Boston, Mass.
WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
WSAI	Cincinnati Ohio
WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
KOA	Denver, Colo.
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
WIRE	Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
KFI	Los Angeles, Cal
KSTP	Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF	New York, N. Y.
WOW	Omaha, Neb.
KYW	Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCSH	Portland, Me.
KGW	Portland, Ore.
WJAR	Providence, R. I.
WMBG	Richmond, Va.
KSD	St. Louis, Mo.
KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KPO	San Francisco, Cal.
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
KHQ	Spokane, Wash
WRC	Washington, D C.
WDEL	Wilmington, Del.
WTAG	Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— BLUE NETWORK

WABY	Albany, N. Y.
WAGA	Atlanta, Ga.
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
WJBO	Baton Rouge, La.
KFDM	Beaumont, Tex.
WSGN	Birmingham, Ala.
WBZ	Boston, Mass.
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn
WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WENR	Chicago, Ill
WLS	Chicago, Ill.
WCKY	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
KRIS	Corpus Christi, Tex.
KVOD	Denver, Colo.
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
WLEU	Erie, Pa.
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind
KXYZ	Houston, Tex.
WJTN	Jamestown, N. Y
WREN	Kansas City, Kan
WROL	Knoxville, Tenn
KECA	Los Angeles, Cal
WMPS	Memphis, Tenn
WTCN	Minneapolis, Minn
WICC	New Haven, Conn
WDSU	New Orleans, La.
WJZ	New York, N Y
KLO	Ogden, Utah
KOIL	Omaha. Neb.-Council Bluffs, Ia.
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa
KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa
KEX	Portland, Ore.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WRTD	Richmond, Va.
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
KFSD	San Diego, Cal.
KGO	San Francisco, Cal
KJR	Seattle, Wash.
KGA	Spokane, Wash
WBZA	Springfield, Mass
WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y
WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
WMAL	Washington, D. C.
KRGV	Weslaco, Tex.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

KOB	Albuquerque, N. M.
WSAN	Allentown, Pa
KGNC	Amarillo Tex.
WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
KERN	Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL	Billings, Mont.
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
KGIR	Butte, Mont
WCSC	Charleston, S. C
WSOC	Charlotte, N. C.
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA	Clearwater, Fla
WIS	Columbia, S. C.
WCOL	Columbus, Ohio
WFAA	Dallas, Tex.
WEBC	Duluth, Minn.
WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Tex
KMJ	Fresno, Cal.
WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
WFBC	Greenville, S. C
KGU	Honolulu, Hawaii
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
KPRC	Houston, Tex.
WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
KARK	Little Rock, Ark.
WAVE	Louisville, Ky.
WIBA	Madison, Wis
WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
WMC	Memphis, Tenn.
WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis.
CFCF	Montreal, Canada
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB	New Orleans, La.
WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
KGHF	Pueblo, Colo.
WPTF	Raleigh, N C.
KFBK	Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN	St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
KTBS	Shreveport, La
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
KGBX	Springfield, Mo
KWG	Stockton, Cal
WEBC	Superior, Wis.
WFLA	Tampa, Fla.
WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
CRCT	Toronto, Canada
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
KANS	Wichita, Kans
WORK	York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WADC	Akron, Ohio
WOKO	Albany, N. Y.
WAIM	Anderson, S. C.
WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
KNOW	Austin, Tex
WCAO	Baltimore, Md
WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
WBRC	Birmingham, Ala
WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.
WEEI	Boston, Mass.
WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBW	Buffalo, N Y.
WCHS	Charleston, W. Va.
WBT	Charlotte, N. C
WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn.
WBBM	Chicago, Ill.
WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
KVOR	Colorado Springs, Col.
WBNS	Columbus, Ohio
KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
WOC	Davenport, Iowa
WHIO	Dayton, Ohio
KLZ	Denver, Colo.
KRNT	Des Moines, Iowa
WJR	Detroit, Mich.
WKBB	Dubuque, Iowa
WDNC	Durham, N. C.
WESG	Elma-Ithaca, N Y.
WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va
WTAQ	Green Bay, Wis
WBIG	Greensboro N. C
KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
WHP	Harrisburg, Pa
WDRC	Hartford, Conn
KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
KTRH	Houston, Tex
WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla
KMBC	Kansas City, Mo.
WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn
WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
KNX	Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
WMAZ	Macon, Ga
KGLO	Mason City, Iowa
WREC	Memphis, Tenn.
WCOC	Meridian, Miss
WQAM	Miami, Fla.
WALA	Mobile, Ala
WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
KGVO	Missoula, Mont
WSFA	Montgomery, Ala.
CKAC	Montreal, Canada
WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.
WWL	New Orleans, La
WABC	New York, N. Y
KOMA	Oklahoma City, Okla.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
WPAR	Parkersburg, W. Va.
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
WMBD	Peoria, Ill.
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
KOY	Phoenix, Ariz
WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
KOIN	Portland, Ore
WPRO	Providence, R. I.
KOH	Reno, Nev.
WRWA	Richmond, Va
WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.
WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
KMOX	St. Louis, Mo
WCCO	St. Paul, Minn
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA	San Antonio, Tex
KSFO	San Francisco, Cal.
WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
KOL	Seattle, Wash.
KWKH	Shreveport, La.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
WMAS	Springfield, Mass.
WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.
KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
CFRB	Toronto, Canada
KTUL	Tulsa, Okla.
WIBX	Utica, N. Y.
WACO	Waco, Tex.
WJSV	Washington, D. C.
WJNO	W. Palm Beach, Fla.
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
KFH	Wichita, Kans.
KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex.
WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C.
WORC	Worcester, Mass.
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KADA	Ada, Okla
KVSO	Ardmore, Okla.
WRDO	Augusta, Me.
KPMC	Bakersfield, Cal.
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
WAAB	Boston, Mass.
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn.
WMT	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WGN	Chicago, Ill.
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
WHKC	Columbus, Ohio
WRR	Dallas, Tex.
KFEL	Denver, Colo.
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
KXO	El Centro, Cal.
KASA	Elk City, Okla.
KCRC	Enid, Okla.
WSAR	Fall River, Mass.
KTAT	Ft. Worth, Tex.
KFKA	Greeley, Colo.
WTHT	Hartford, Conn.
KGMB	Honolulu, Hawaii
WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH	Laconia, N. H.
KFOR	Lincoln, Nebr.
KHJ	Los Angeles, Cal.
WLLH	Lowell, Mass.
WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
KDON	Monterey, Cal.
KBIX	Muskogee, Okla.
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
WOR	Newark, N. J.
WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.
WNLC	New London, Conn.
KTOK	Oklahoma City Okla.
KOIL	Omaha, Neb.
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WRVA	Richmond, Va
KWK	St. Louis, Mo
KFXM	San Bernardino, Cal.
KGB	San Diego, Cal
KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
KVOE	Santa Ana, Cal.
KDB	Santa Barbara, Cal.
KGFF	Shawnee, Okla
WSPR	Springfield, Mass
WNBX	Springfield, Vt
KGDM	Stockton, Cal
WOL	Washington, D. C.
WBRY	Waterbury, Conn.
CKLW	Windsor-Detroit, Mich

Sundays

SEPTEMBER 5—12—19—26

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—organ and songs.

NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator

NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet

9:00

NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA

NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross

CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artells Dickson

9:30

NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE

NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30

NBC-Blue: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE

CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra

MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—children's program with Bob Emery

11:00

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORGAN MOODS

MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems

11:05

NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo

NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:15

NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE—dramatization

NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

11:30

CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

MBS: PEROLE STRING QUARTET

11:45

NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gersman

NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet

12:30

NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists

CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

1:00

NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUFSMITH, tenor

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

MBS: SAMMY KAYE'S ORCHESTRA

1:30

NBC-Red: DREAMS OF LONG AGO—Ethel Parks Richardson

NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer

MBS: ALICE BLUE—pianist

1:45

CBS: POET'S GOLD—David Ross

2:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Frances Adair

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J Cross

CBS: ST. LOUIS SERENADE

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:15

MBS: SALLY JO NELSON—songs

2:30

NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES

CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—dramatizations

MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:00

NBC-Blue: NOBLE CAIN A CAPPELLA CHOIR

CBS: EVERYBODY'S MUSIC Howard Barlow, symphony orchestra

MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

3:30

MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45

NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00

NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY VESPERS

CBS: SPELLING BEE—Dr. Harry Hagen

MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

4:30

NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra

MBS: ALPINE VILLAGE ORCHESTRA

5:00

NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA

NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—dramatizations

CBS: OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS—Vincent Sorey's orchestra

5:30

NBC-Red: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano

NBC-Blue: SMILING ED McCONNELL

CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: IRVING CONN'S ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS BAND

CBS: PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA

MBS: DANCING MOODS—Elinor Sherry, Walter Ahrens. Stanley's orchestra

6:30

NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch

NBC-Blue: ERNEST GILL'S ORCHESTRA

CBS: CHICAGOANS

MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Dell Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00

NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jane Froman, Donald Ross, D'Artega's orchestra

CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso

NBC-Blue: FLEISCHMANN PROGRAM—Werner Janssen's orchestra

CBS: SUMMER STARS—Harry von Zell, Oscar Bradley's orchestra

MBS: WOR PRESENTS SYLVIA FROOS

7:45

NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters Ranch Boys

8:00

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM — Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Dorothy Lamour, Armbruster's orchestra

CBS: GILLETTE SUMMER HOTEL—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Sannella's orchestra

MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30

CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Igor Gorin, Saymore Saymoore, Renard's orchestra

MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE—Bob Emery

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND — Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Donnie's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—Shep Fields' orchestra, Del Casino, Bob Hope, Honeychile

CBS: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Frank Crumit, Rex Chandler's orchestra, Alec Templeton, Richard Bonelli

MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Sid Gary, Willard Amison, Stanley's orchestra

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:45

NBC-Blue: WELSH PRESENTS IRENE RICH—dramatization

10:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Donald Dickson, Tom Howard, George Shelton, Dolan's orchestra

MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STARDUST REVUE—guests, Stanley's orchestra

10:30

MBS: ORCHESTRA

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: MUSIC

11:10

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA



Jimmy Wallington



Dorothy Lamour



Frank Crumit

Mondays

SEPTEMBER 6—13—20—27

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: NORSEMEN QUARTET

9:00
NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:15
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: MORNING MOODS

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: LOUISE AND THE LADS
MBS: TUNES FOR TWO

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL

11:45
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone and organ

12:45
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00
NBC-Red: JERRY SEARS' ORCHESTRA
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA — Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30
NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band
CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45
NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: SPOTLIGHT REVUE

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: DICTATORS

4:30
NBC-Red: SOPHISTICATED RHYTHM
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY—songs and patter
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: ALPINE VILLAGE CONCERT

5:15
NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: MARIO COZZI AND CHRISTINE JOHNSON
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone

6:15
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartette
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—trio
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: CHILDREN'S ALBUM—Story Book Lady

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: HUGHIE BARRETT'S ORCHESTRA—John B. Gambling, Jean O'Neill, Barry McKinley
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: SONG TIME—Hollace Shaw, Ray Heatherton
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO

7:30
NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch

7:45
NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JUAN HERNANDEZ AND THE GOOD TIME SOCIETY—all-Negro revue
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's orchestra
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL PROGRAM
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Jerry Danzig, Dave Driscoll

9:00
NBC-Red: FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan Weems' orchestra
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

9:30
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

10:00
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT, SOLOMON MICHAUX — and congregation

10:30
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS—Carl Carmer
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

11:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Tony Martin



Betty Lou Gerson



Edwin C. Hill

Tuesdays

SEPTEMBER 7—14—21—28

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue. MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN— sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: PIANO DUO
MBS: BACHELORS QUARTET

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's ocrhestra

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:30
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: CLEO BROWN—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON—tenor
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR — Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00
NBC-Red: MATINEE MUSICALE
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

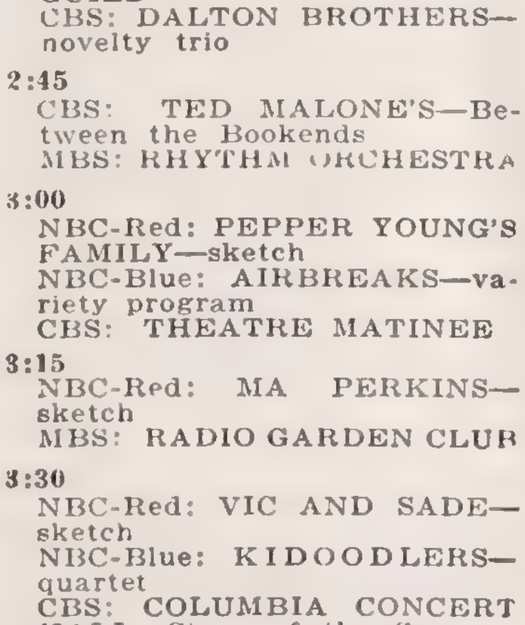
3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety program
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS—quartet
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Story of the Song
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch



Charles Martin

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: NOVELTEERS

4:30
NBC-Red: WALTZ FAVORITES
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: AL BERNARD—gags and songs
CBS: RAY HEATHERTON—baritone
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA—and soloists

5:15
NBC-Red: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL ADVENTURES—Alma Schirmer, pianist
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES—Watson Davis

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS

5:45
NBC-Red: JOHNNIE JOHNSTON—baritone



Helen Menken

NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
CBS: DRAMA OF THE SKIES

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: JACK MEAKIN DIRECTS SWINGTIME
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: GLENN DARWIN—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry.

7:30
NBC-Red: BONNIE STEWART—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Menken

7:45
NBC-Red: THREE CHEERS—vocal trio
NBC-Blue: VIVIEN DELLA CHIESA—mezzo-soprano



Lanny Ross

MBS: IT'S A RACKET—dramatization

8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA — Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: BLUE VELVET MUSIC—Warnow's orchestra, Hollace Shaw
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductors

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE — Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Pauline Alpert

9:30
NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR—Lanny Ross, Paige's orchestra
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA—guests

10:00
NBC-Blue: THE OTHER AMERICAS—Edward Tomlinson, commentator
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch
MBS: SINFONIETTA

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: PAST MASTERS PROGRAM—harpsicord ensemble
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—baritone
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—Morey Amsterdam
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Wednesdays

SEPTEMBER 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
8:30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN—male quartet
9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT
9:15
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS



Peter Van Steeden

9:30
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: LOUISE AND THE LADS
MBS: TUNES FOR TWO
10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL
11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TRAIL FINDER—Dr. William Hansche
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
12:30
NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
1:00
NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: JOAN MERRILL—blues
1:15
NBC-Red. DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL



Patti Chapin

CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
1:45
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
2:00
NBC-Red: FANTASIE IN RHYTHM—Jan Savitt
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh
2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: BLACKSTONE CONCERT TRIO
2:30
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
2:45
NBC-Red: MUSIC OF THE MOMENT
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: MEMORY SONGS—Key Men Quartet
3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE
3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra
MBS: RUTGERS HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU
3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE THE HOUSE
3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys
4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: DANCE TIME
4:30
NBC-Red: SOPHISTICATED RHYTHM
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE
5:00
NBC-Red: NOT FOR LADIES—Ben Alexander, Hollywood commentator
NBC-Blue: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB—Lou Rogers
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
5:15
NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: DOT AND PAT—songs
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet
5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
5:45
NBC-Red: JOHNNIE JOHNSTON—baritone
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program
MBS: QUARTET



Allen Prescott

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: JACK SHANNON—songs
6:15
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
6:35
NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA—and his swing harmonicas
NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SINGING WAITERS
7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs
CBS: SONG TIME—Patti Chapin, Howard Phillips
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de LA SALLE
7:30
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS:ORCHESTRA
7:45
NBC-Red: JEAN SABLON
NBC-Blue: MARIO COZZI, baritone; CHRISTINE JOHNSON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Oswald, Gluskin's band, guests
MBS: U. S. MARINE BAND
9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Walter O'Keefe, Alice Frost, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Frank Parker, Patti Chapin, Kostelanetz' orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:30
CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragonette, Charles Kullman, Goodman's orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.
10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: FIELD MUSEUM DRAMAS—guests
10:15
NBC-Blue: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano
10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: DESIGN IN HARMONY
MBS: MELODIES FROM THE SKIES
10:45
NBC-Red: ALISTAIR COOKE—news commentator
11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Thursdays

SEPTEMBER 2—9—16—23—30

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALE

8:45
NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: U. S. MARINE BAND
MBS: BACHELORS QUARTET

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra

11:30
NBC-Red: FIDDLERS THREE
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: MERRYMAKERS
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: MARGUERITE PADULA—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON—tenor
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra



Doris Kerr

CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: RAMBLES IN RHYTHM
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: EL CABALLERO
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM AND ROMANCE

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: PIANO TEAM
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: NOVELTEERS

4:30
NBC-Red: WALTZ FAVORITES
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY—songs and patter



Charles Winninger

CBS: CURRENT QUESTIONS BEFORE THE SENATE
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: STUART GRACEY—baritone
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

5:45
NBC-Red: JOHNNIE JOHNSTON—baritone
NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
MBS: QUARTET

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MARGARET DAUM—soprano
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15
NBC-Red: NORSEMEN QUARTET
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

6:35
NBC-Red: BERT AND LEW—songs and patter
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: EVENING PRELUDE—organ and piano

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr, Russell Dorr

7:30
NBC-Red: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ELMER DAVIS—commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:45
NBC-Red: KIDOODLERS
NBC-Blue: CABIN IN THE COTTON—Southernaires Quartet
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee, guests



Nadine Conner

NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S REVUE—orchestra, soloists
CBS: CONCERT ORCHESTRA
MBS: INTERNATIONAL SALON—Corinna Mura, Raoul Nadeau, Stanley's orchestra

8:30
MBS: GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger, Tom Thomas, Nadine Conner, Patricia Wilder, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Willson's orchestra
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:15
MBS: TALK ABOUT BOOKS

9:30
NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano
MBS: PAT BARNES' OPERA HOUSE—varieties

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bob Burns, Trotter's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: PICCADILLY MUSIC HALL
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Floyd Gibbons
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30
CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00
NBC-Red: FOOTNOTES ON HEADLINES—John B. Kennedy, commentator
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Fridays

SEPTEMBER 3—10—17—24

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:15
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: NOVELTEERS

9:55
NBC Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS



Igor Gorin

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: PIANO DUO
MBS: TUNES FOR TWO

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: KITCHEN CAVALCADE—Crosby Gaige
CBS: RUTH AND BILL

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL

11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

12:30
NBC-Red: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch



Elza Schallert

1:00
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

1:45
CBS: HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON

2:00
NBC-Red: SHOW TIME MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30
NBC-Red: WALTER LOGAN'S MUSICALE
NBC-Blue: FIVE HOURS BACK
CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: TED MALONE'S—Between the Bookends
MBS: SID GARY—baritone

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: THREE CONSOLES
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—songs
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his cowboys



Robert Ripley

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS

4:30
NBC-Red: SOPHISTICATED RHYTHM
CBS: BON VOYAGE
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—baritone
NBC-Blue: AL BERNARD—gags and songs
CBS: MARION CARLEY—pianist
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: ETON BOYS—male quartet

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

5:45
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program
MBS: QUARTET

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: RAY HEATHERTON—baritone
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:15
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
CBS: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Hobart Bosworth

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: CHARLES SEARS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—piano duo
CBS: SONG TIME—Gogo de Lys, Jack Shannon
MBS: NOVELETTE

7:30
NBC-Red: EL CABALLERO
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HERBERT FOOTE'S ENSEMBLE
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:45
NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL
MBS: MUSIC FOR TODAY—Morton Gould, Helene Daniels

8:30
NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Alice Faye
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:45
MBS: LET'S PLAY GAMES

9:00
NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert Ripley, B. A. Rolfe's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Paige's orchestra
MBS: SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00
NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, Morton Bowe
CBS: COCA COLA PROGRAM
MBS: ORSON WELLS IN "LES MISERABLES"

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: LIEDERSINGERS
CBS: U. S. CABINET SERIES
MBS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization

10:45
NBC-Red: PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—Dorothy Thompson, commentator
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—movie previews

11:00
NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES—Washington commentator
NBC-Blue: MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Saturdays

SEPTEMBER 4—11—18—25

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:15

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30

NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALE

8:45

NBC-Blue: MORNING GLEE CLUB

9:00

NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall



George Fischer

NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15

CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30

CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY

9:45

NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: YOUR GARDEN AND MINE—Ruth Cross

10:15

NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony
NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:30

CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Freudberg's orchestra, Norman Brokenshire

10:45

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: FRED FEIBEL AT THE CONSOLE

11:00

NBC-Blue: PATRICIA RYAN—songs

11:15

NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30

NBC-Red. MYSTERY CHEF
CBS: COMPINSKY TRIO
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

11:45

NBC-Red: DIXIE DEBS—trio
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Josef Honti, director
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

12:15

NBC-Blue: THREE MARSHALLS
CBS: ORIENTALE

12:30

NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

12:45

MBS: SONGS



Arthur Godfrey

1:00

NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: CAPTIVATORS

1:15

CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
MBS: ORCHESTRA

1:30

NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00

NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano

2:15

CBS: ANN LEAF—organist

2:30

NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:45

NBC-Blue: CADETS QUARTET
CBS: TOURS IN TONE
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

3:00

NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURES
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:30

NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra
NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS
CBS: DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE SERIES
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45

CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

4:00

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: THE DICTATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:30

NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCEPATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00

NBC-Blue: LITTLE SHOW—variety program
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:30

NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN — varieties, Bruce Kamman, Elinor Harriot

NOTE:

As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
NBC-Blue: VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

6:05

NBC-Blue: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark

6:15

MBS: SALLY JO NELSON—songs

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35

NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto
NBC-Blue: WHITHER MUSIC?—John Tasker Howard
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45

NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
CBS: ORCHESTRA

7:00

NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15

CBS: SONG TIME—Betty Grable, John Payne
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30

NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories
NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE
CBS: JACQUES JOLAS—pianist

7:45

NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00

NBC-Red: MEREDITH WILLSON'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB

8:15

NBC-Blue: NOLA DAY—songs

8:30

CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guests
MBS: SATIN-SMOOTH SWING—David Broekman's orchestra

9:00

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

9:30

NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
CBS: HOLLYWOOD SHOW CASE—guests, Lud Gluskin's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00

NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Kogen's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: OTILIO REVARRA AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA

10:15

MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer

10:30

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45

CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



THE WISE VS. THE FOOLISH WEEK-ENDERS



1. *"How foolish of Marge and Bill to insist on driving, instead of having a leisurely breakfast with us . . . and going by train later. They probably started at dawn."*

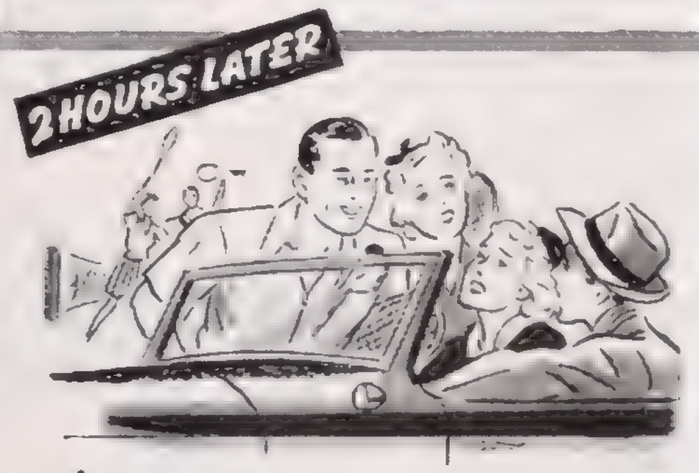
. . . proving that it's smart and economical to **"GO NEW HAVEN"** *to New England*



2. *"Just look at that traffic tie-up! Thank goodness we had sense enough to come this way. We'll be there long before our 'speed demon' friends."*



3. *"Hello, there! No, Marge and Bill are driving . . . They'll be along later. But what a grand trip we had! And so inexpensive! These new streamlined day coaches are marvelous."*



4. *"So here you are at last! Why, we've already had luncheon and played a couple of sets. Take a tip from us . . . 'go New Haven' next time!"*

IT'S SMART TO RIDE IN NEW HAVEN COACHES

• A week-end gives you just so many hours. Make the most of every one! Don't waste time and energy—travel the quick, easy, safe and *inexpensive* way. Travel in big, cool, comfortable New Haven coaches —at 2¢ a mile!

For illustrated booklet "Vacation in Southern New England" write Vacation Bureau, Room 3617, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. Tickets and information at Grand Central Terminal, Consolidated Offices, 17 John St., New York or 155 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. Phone VAnderbilt 3-7705.

THE NEW HAVEN R. R.



LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company







3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"



says MAGGY ROUFF, fashion designer of Paris

"ARE you a golden blonde, *ma chérie*, or a dusky brunette? Whichever is your coloring, your face will derive new glamour from Woodbury's Windsor Rose. It is the living tints of the skin that make this powder shade so full of flattery."

Like all Woodbury's Facial Powder, the new Windsor Rose is germ-free* . . . helps guard against blemish-causing germs. See what lovely things this powder can do for you! Seven glorious shades to choose from. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9182 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

CRABMEAT CANAPES

½ *lb. crabmeat (fresh or canned)*
1 *can (condensed) mushroom soup*
½ *teaspoon salt*
1 *light pinch cayenne pepper*
2 *tablespoons sherry*
1 *tablespoon butter*
1 *tablespoon chopped pimentos*
1 *tablespoon chopped green peppers*
toast, bread crumbs, butter

Heat crabmeat in the soup. Add seasonings, sherry, butter, pimentos and green pepper. Spread mixture on rounds of toast, 2 inches in diameter. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter and brown in oven. Serve hot.

POTAGE MONGOLE

1 *can (condensed) tomato soup*
1 *can (condensed) pea soup*
2 *tablespoons green peas*
1½ *cups water*
1 *large carrot*
1 *small white turnip*
1 *mild white onion*
} *en Julienne**
¼ *cup cream*

Combine tomato soup and pea soup in a saucepan. Add green peas to water and cook for 10 minutes; then add other vegetables, cut Julienne. Cook until vegetables are tender. Add the cooked vegetables to the soups, together with 1 cup of the water in which vegetables cooked. Heat and stir gently until boiling point is reached. If desired, stir in ¼ cup cream just before serving. Croutons also are excellent with this rich, filling soup. **En Julienne* means cut into very thin, long slices as for the more familiar Julienne Potatoes.

MEAT LOAF "DELICIOUS"

1 *pound ground beef*
½ *pound ground pork*
½ *pound ground veal*
4 *slices white bread*
½ *green pepper, chopped very fine*
1 *onion chopped fine*
2 *eggs, slightly beaten*
1 *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
1 *can (condensed) "Delicious" Tomato Soup*
1 *tablespoon butter*
½ *cup water*

Have the three meats ground together twice. Soak bread in warm water and drain well. Add bread to meat, together with the green pepper, onion, eggs, salt and pepper. Mix all together thoroughly. Form into loaf and place in lightly greased baking pan. Pour the soup over the top of the loaf. Dot with butter and lastly pour the water into the pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ hours. Serve hot or cold, garnished with parsley. The soup, in cooking, will form a rich tomato-colored gravy.

SAUTÉ POTATOES

Peel 6 medium-sized potatoes and soak ½ hour in cold water. Drain potatoes and cut into even ½-inch cubes. Dust lightly with flour. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a frying pan. Add potatoes and cook until nicely browned, stirring gently with a wooden spoon. About 5 minutes before potatoes are tender enough to be removed from pan, add 2 tablespoons chopped pimentos and an equal amount of chopped green peppers. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

PAN ROASTED OYSTERS

1 *pint oysters*
2 *tablespoons melted butter*
salt, cayenne
a few drops Worcestershire
¼ *cup Chili sauce*
½ *cup cream*
buttered toast
finely minced parsley

Place oysters in skillet with melted butter. Season with salt and cayenne. Cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes or until oysters are plump and edges begin to curl. Arrange oysters on buttered toast. Add Worcestershire sauce, Chili sauce and cream to liquor in pan. Heat thoroughly and pour over the oysters. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

"FOOLPROOF" HOLLANDAISE

(But even here you must follow directions carefully)

¼ *cup melted butter*
2 *egg yolks*
1 *tablespoon strained lemon juice*
¼ *teaspoon salt*
a light pinch cayenne pepper

Melt butter over boiling water in top of double boiler. Meanwhile, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Slowly add the melted butter. (This will "cook" the eggs slightly). Turn mixture into top of double boiler, place over lower part of double boiler in which water is steaming but *not* boiling. Add the lemon juice gradually, stirring constantly. Continue cooking for a few minutes until the sauce thickens, stirring gently the entire time. Remove immediately from heat. Add salt and cayenne. Serve at once over individual servings of broccoli or cauliflower.

Be sure to avoid (like the plague) too high a temperature or too long cooking, for this is what makes Hollandaise "curdle."

(*Continued from page* 9)

The Meat Loaf requires no further explanation. The potatoes you'll find unusual but not difficult. The Pan Roasted Oysters are a delicacy for which the original Rector's Restaurant was world-famous You inland dwellers can also enjoy it, says Mr. Rector, who then went on to recommend most highly the oysters which are now shipped in sealed cartons, under methods of refrigeration that assure the same safety the country over!

As for the salad course, I'm giving you some special suggestions, along with Mr. Rector's recipe for the Roquefort Dressing. And that leaves only the Apples Flambées. All I want to add here, is that they do not have to be served *"flambées"* or "in flames," as specified in the recipe, for that again is but an example of Mr. Rector's showmanship, whereas you probably will like them just as much as a hot baked apple specialty, with a hard sauce accompaniment. But if there is any brandy handy, then demonstrate *your* showmanship in the George Rector manner.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons oil
¼ pound Roquefort cheese

Mix the salt and pepper with the vinegar. Add the salad oil gradually, beating with a fork as you add. Add the cheese which has been forced through a sieve. Stir well. Add to lettuce and beets and serve at once.

To make your salad at the table, as suggested by Mr. Rector, bring in the salad greens (well chilled, of course) in a salad bowl—preferably a wooden one. Bring in the oil, vinegar, seasonings, a bowl of sliced or diced beets and the sieved Roquefort, on a separate tray. Also include a conveniently deep bowl in which to mix the dressing. Add beets to greens (lettuce, endive or romaine or all three), pour in the Roquefort Dressing. Toss with wooden salad fork and spoon and serve on chilled salad plates.

APPLES FLAMBEES

1 (9 oz.) package dry mince meat
½ cup cold water
6 large, firm baking apples
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup red cinnamon drops
¾ cup hot water
brandy
Hard Sauce

Break package mince-meat into pieces. Add cold water. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until lumps are broken up. Bring to a boil and boil briskly for 3 minutes or until smooth and practically dry, stirring constantly. Cool. Peel and core apples. Fill centers with mince-meat. Place in baking dish. Dissolve cinnamon drops and ¼ cup sugar in hot water. Pour around apples in dish. Sprinkle apples with additional sugar and bake in moderate oven (350° F) 40 to 50 minutes, until tender, basting occasionally with syrup in pan to give apples red color. Pour a little brandy over each apple. Ignite and serve flaming. Pass Hard Sauce separately.

HARD SAUCE

Cream ½ cup butter, work in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Add 2 tablespoons brandy gradually. Mold and chill.



Flash!

MOTHER MAKES GOOD
WITH SEVEREST CRITIC

WELL, mother, you deserve his praise. You picked Franco-American because children and grown-ups too, love its delicious flavor. That zestful tomato purée sauce, smoothly blended with golden mellow cheddar cheese, makes a dish entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Families that have once tasted Franco-American are never satisfied with anything else. And no wonder!

Franco-American Spaghetti is just *packed* with nourishment. It saves you hours of work, too—because it is all ready to heat and eat. And at its usual price of ten cents a can it costs less than 3¢ a portion. No wonder women buy more Franco-American every day.

Here's a delicious healthful luncheon your children will love. It's quick, easy, and economical:

POACHED EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Dice and parboil one green pepper. Mix with 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti and heat in saucepan. Poach four eggs. On each hot luncheon plate make a nest with a quarter of the spaghetti. Place egg in center, sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley. Serves 4—costs 38¢. Good for Sunday night supper, too. Serve with mixed fresh vegetable salad; fresh berries or preserved fruit and cookies for dessert. But be sure it's

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 610
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."
Name (print)_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____



DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

New Cream Releases Precious Ingredients That Act Like Youthful Skin Oils To Combat Dry, Rough Skin—Shiny Nose

Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths, Softens. Powder Stays On



THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look

See how pretty and appealing smooth, soft skin makes you look

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream

Here is the amazing beauty cream that's bringing new skin beauty to thousands. At last a way has been found to aid nature combat dryness, roughness, blackheads, premature lines and help re-supply vital lubricating oils like the oils of youth do to help smooth and soften your skin. Thousands praise it! Beauty editors are writing about it! The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, which is both a cleansing and a night cream, releases precious ingredients triple whipped, that quickly cleanses and dissolves dry, scaly cells that cause roughness and your powder to flake off. It lubricates dryness. Stimulates underskin. Rouses oil glands. Helps bring out new, live, fresh skin. Powder stays on. Make-up goes on smoothly. You look younger, more attractive—vastly more appealing and romantic.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits! Get a jar of TAYTON'S CREAM. Cleanse with it and also use it as a night cream. If your skin is not smoother, softer and does not look fresher and more youthful the first day your money will be refunded.

Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, department and 10c stores. If your dealer can not as yet supply you, insist he order for you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage. New ravishing colors in matched tones give you that glamorous appeal. See TAYTON color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S POWDER, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, EYE SHADOW.

At Drug, Dept. and 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

WEST COAST CHATTER

Topical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood's air stars



Warren Hull, who plays the publicity manager on the Thursday *Show Boat* programs, is well known to film goers. Here he is in a scene from his most recent picture, *Paradise* Isle, in which he has the good fortune to be shipwrecked on the island where Movita dwells. It's a Monogram film.

ELLA LOGAN, swing-singer of those Scotch ballads, has just announced that her intentions toward Cully Richards, screen actor, are strictly matrimonial. And Cully thinks that's the best idea the little Scotch lassie has had to date. There'll be wedding bells early this fall, and we'll bet if Ella has anything to do with it, Lohengrin will be swung until it's dizzy.

Dorothy Lamour's husband, Herbie Kay, hasn't actually taken the matter to court, but he is considering that suit over his wife's cooling of affection. And the gentleman in question is Charlie McCarthy, that demon dummy with the ladies. Says Charlie is just about all Dorothy can talk of these days.

Tony Labriola (Oswald to the mike fans) and his wife have come to the parting of the ways. She's gone East on an "extended visit"—which probably will extend for the next few years.

The opening of the Del Mar Turf Club, where Bing Crosby is spending all his time and money these days, turned out to be a gala affair. Practically all of the movie colony drove or flew down to San Diego for the event. The pay-off of the opening day, however, was when Big Crosby's horse came in first. The same horse that's never won a race before!

It certainly looks like Wayne Morris, of Kid Galahad *fame, and Alice Faye are* verrry *much interested in each other. Wayne's been chiseling in on Tony Martin's time to the extent of several dates a week.*

A movie star *without* a stand-in is as unusual as a radio star *with* one. But Gracie Allen has one—and her name is Mary Kelly. Her job is to read all the Gracie gags at rehearsals. If they get a chuckle from the cast, the gags are kept in the script. For if Mary can get a chuckle out of a line,

's guaranteed that Gracie can get a guffaw.

Now that the Gene Raymonds are safely arried, we're looking for Ginger Rogers go back to her original blonde shade of air. Ginger, you know, had tresses darkned at the request of Jeanette MacDonald, who didn t want any of her bridesmaids' ocks to outshine her own.

We wish you could visit that lovely home which the Raymonds are occupying now in Beverly Hills. It was a surprise wedding gift from Gene to his bride—and under construction for ten months before Jeanette had an inkling about the whole thing! Even the workmen didn't know who the impatient young man was, who came daily to see how the house was progressing. For Gene wore a disguise of dark glasses and dark mustachios on every trip. After the wedding reception, Gene took his bride home—and just to show you how well Jeanette liked it, she didn't want to go on their honeymoon to Honolulu—because she was afraid of being homesick!

When Franchot Tone appeared in Between Two Women *on that* Hollywood Hotel *broadcast, he really was between three of them. For, besides Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan, Joan Crawford was right there on the stage cheering him on. Franchot certainly was on the spot.*

Here's romance to get a laugh out of! Ken Dolan had a publicity brain-wave the other day. He decided that Jimmy Blair and Mary Martin would make a swell newspaper romance. But by the time they'd had a couple of dates together for Ken's benefit, Mary and Jimmy decided it was a swell romance for *themselves.* The laugh comes in right here—Ken Dolan was Mary's *Big Moment* until his publicity idea clicked!

Parties in honor of celebrities have a way of being pretty dull—but the one given to introduce Robert Armbruster to Hollywood was anything but that way. Bob creates an atmosphere of congeniality that is catching. And when he sat down at the piano to give out some of those famous tunes, all the guests settled right down to spend the night. We don't wonder that the *Chase and Sanborn Hour* shows even more pep and personality since Bob moved in!

Jerry Cooper learned about Hollywood from a newsboy. He was to have his picture taken for a special layout, buying a newspaper from the newsie at the corner of Hollywood and Vine Streets. "Lissen, buddy," protested the lad, "you can't take my picture for nothing. It'll cost you $5.50." That amount, you see, is the minimum fee for extra players.

The sudden death of Al Boasberg came as a great shock to radio people in Hollywood. Al was one of the best gag-writers in the business and was working for Jack Benny at the time of his death. In fact, he wrote the first gags that Jack ever used, back in the old vaudeville days. Said Jack: "I considered Al Boasberg one of the greatest gag men who ever lived—and in addition, I considered him one of my very best friends."

The entire cast of the *Chase and Sanborn*
(*Continued on page 76*)

"and life is so much gayer now!"



Your lovelier way to avoid offending did the trick! I'm sure all the girls would be more alluring, if they bathed with this exquisite perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap!
Sincerely,
Mary Moore

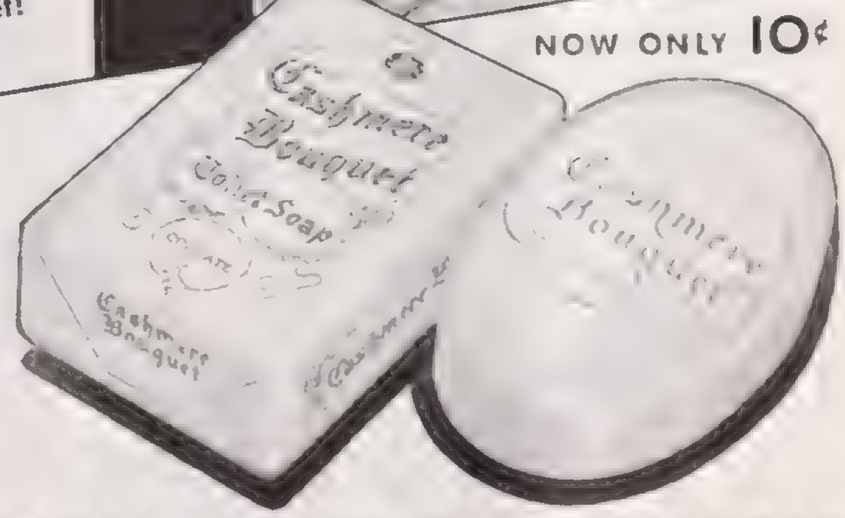


SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND, to guard daintiness this lovelier way. For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its deep-cleansing lather, removes every trace of unpleasant body odor . . . And besides, with its exquisite flower-like perfume, it keeps your skin alluringly fragrant! You're always completely safe from any fear of offending!



LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE LINGERS . . . surrounds you glamorously! It's no wonder that men prefer girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. But don't think that ordinary scented soaps will give you this same protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's rare perfume has this special lingering quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

NOW ONLY 10¢



MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



Good-bye Germs!
–here comes
Mennen
Antiseptic Powder

'Boy, it tickles me when I see mummy comin' with my Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It chases germs away — because it's antiseptic. My doctor says it helps to keep my skin safe from infection—and he must be right, 'cause I've got the smoothest, healthiest skin you ever saw. Gee — I'm sorry for kids who just get *ordinary* baby powder. I wish I could tell *every* mother that the *antiseptic* kind of powder — the Mennen kind—keeps a baby's skin comfy, free from chafing, and that it fights off *germs*. Gosh, there ought to be a law!"

More doctors recommend Mennen Antiseptic Powder than all other baby powders combined—that's what a recent survey shows. Is any other powder good enough for your baby?

MENNEN BORATED POWDER -ANTISEPTIC

THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(Reversing the Usual Order)



A radio veteran at twenty-three, Joan Kay began as a child actress and a singer, back in the early crystal set days. She plays the part of *Ruth* in *While the City Sleeps (NBC-Red)*. Swimming is one of her favorite sports.

Dear Listeners:

I often see letters in magazines or in newspapers from those radio fans who, by their familiarity with all sorts of broadcasts, show themselves to be constant listeners. These folks, who seem to know just what they like in each type of program, occasionally draw a word-picture of "the perfect radio performer." I'd like to reverse the process and show them what I'd call "an ideal listener-in."

I'm sure all of us agree that radio is the most intimate field of entertainment. After all, we do come right into your homes. Many of your letters tell us that you regard us as friends, sometimes almost as members of the family. That's the way we want you to feel.

Now, we come to you every week, but you let us hear from you only now and then, the way all letter-writing friends seem to do.

When you do write your favorite radio artist, then, give yourself all the duties and privileges a real friend should have. If you think you know some song, or music or play he'd be interested in, your opinion of it will be a real help.

If your favorite hasn't been up to snuff in your opinion, take him to task about it. Try to find out why! Let him know you think there's room for improvement. And when you feel he's "done himself proud," send him congratulations, just as you would to any friend.

Then your favorite will know your com-

ments are sincere, and he'll work all the harder. If you keep up a regular correspondence like this with your radio "friends"—I call you a Perfect Fan.

KATE SMITH.

Dear Listeners:

We have long wished for this opportunity to send our listeners a fan letter. The splendid way in which you have received our *Hour of Charm* program has made us very happy. The thirty girls who sing and play under the direction of Phil Spitalny are dedicating their program to the American home, and we are proud that you have accepted us with such warm hospitality.

EVELYN KAYE, Concertmaster.
GYPSIE COOPER, 1st Saxophone.
PAT HARRINGTON, 1st Trumpet.

Dear Listeners:

I've been having a discussion lately with several friends, as to whether or not voice alone has a definite power to conjure up a distinct personality. My mother insists that that idea is largely imagination.

I've decided to put it up to you listeners, and see what your experience has been. Of course, in everyday life, we frequently speak over the phone to someone whom we meet afterwards, but not often do we talk with them, week after week, without actually seeing them.

Yet many radio personalities, known for years only through their activities, remain, as people, a sort of mystery.

Now that so many of us entertainers are working both in films and on the air, we're getting new evidence as to how radio



Ralph Kirberry, *The Dream Singer*, rehearses with *Chevrolet* maestro, Rubinoff, for a guest appearance on the *Chevrolet Musical Moments Revue* series, over CBS.

audiences feel about performers whose work they know so well.

Yet, the evidence that comes to me is more confusing than ever. Some of the letters say my film appearances were true to the mental picture they'd built up from hearing radio broadcasts. Others said I was quite unlike the impression they'd got from my voice alone.

Many of my radio and picture friends have had similar experiences. I wonder if there aren't possibly two distinct types—those who give the same impression in any medium, and those who always sound different from the way they look? Knowing to which type one belongs means changing one's style accordingly. I'll be very interested to know what you think. Maybe you can help me win a bet, and I can't tell you which way I'm betting!

GERTRUDE NIESEN.

Dear Listeners:

I am writing to ask you a favor. For many years I have been called a "child songstress." When I say "many years," I mean the four since I came into radio in 1933, when I was eleven years old.

I'd like to be considered a grown-up now. I shall be sixteen next May, and recently I sang several love song duets with Lanny Ross on the *Show Boat* program.

My voice was considered grown-up, even when I was eleven, and now I think that I'm grown-up in years, too. Won't you please think of me as an adult instead of as "Little Mary Small?"

Thank you for every nice thing you have said about me.

MARY SMALL.

Dear Listeners:

It feels a bit strange to be writing a fan letter instead of reading one. But it's an opportunity for which I've waited a long time.

You know, the radio audience is the final judge of what should go into a program. Fan mail is the best means I know of to gauge accurately the reaction of listeners to my shows. When I get letters

(Continued on page 70)





A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

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takes the odor out of perspiration

BLACK IS WHITE

(Continued from page 32)

his father's business *and his father owned the Philadelphia Ice Cream Company!*

Perhaps the reason for this glaring error was that he had discovered the piano at six. With a taste for music, instead of chocolate ice cream, he clamored for more and, in spite of the parental Quaker stock, got it, so that when he sang in a boyish soprano voice at St. Clements, he knew what he was reading and singing, if the other boys didn't.

So he made fairish money for a boy, singing at funerals and weddings all through Philadelphia school days, thanks to his musical tendencies, inherited most likely from the maternal-Germanic side rather than from the paternal-English branch of the family.

At Haverford College, where he was the crack-shot of the rifle team, he took up chemistry, strangely enough.

"I can't reconcile H_2SO_4 and 'do re me,' myself," he admitted, "but anyway, music won out and after I left Haverford I attacked it with vim and vigor. For six years I studied piano with Rafael Joseffy, while I tackled everything in the line of music that would support a young fellow determined to get ahead on his own."

He was conducting at the old Century Theatre here in New York when they offered him a conductor's berth at the Fox Theatre in Philadelphia with Erno Rapee. Here he began to take on the polish that now distinguishes him, but the daily grind and the commuting to New York and Joseffy began to tell on him, with the result that he consulted a doctor. The doctor told him that he was eating too much meat. "Don't eat *any*," he advised, "and you'll be well in no time." "No time" was right, for Black got steadily worse and spots before his eyes would get all mixed up with D-flats and send the orchestra into doleful discords. Then *The Iron Horse* was booked for the screen, and with it traveled a troupe of real Indians, most of them mere kids of eighty, as hale and hearty as Charles Atlas' portraits portray him to be.

Thought Black: "I'll ask them for the secret of health." "Ugh," grunted one stripling of eighty-five. "I eat plenty meat an' coffee, gotteny?" "But of course you eat lots of nice vegetables that are so good for you," protested Black, "spinach and kale, eh?" "Naw," replied the stripling. Then, mildly curious: "Who is spinach an' kale? You wanta buy steaks for me?" Black took him to dinner and for himself joyfully ordered two steaks, each two inches thick. "Have one rare," he ordered, "and the other one lightly browned on one side." He has been in perfect health ever since, thank you.

His various occupations had him on sort of a shuttle-train between New York and Philadelphia, but as he was impressing the bigger New York showmen with his arrangements, he didn't complain.

"Back in Philadelphia for a while, I edited *Rhythmodic Classics* for a publishing firm there. The *Classics* were nothing

more nor less than a series of arrangements in jazz form. Stuff like *Swanee River*—syncopated but not as wild as the things you hear today."

This seemed like an opportune time for a definition of "swing."

"There's nothing new about swing," he said, dropping absent-mindedly into the Rachmaninoff pose again. "It's the very same stuff the old *Dixieland Band* did way back—the only new angle is the name. Wait and see, a new craze will come along soon and that'll be the end of swing. They seem to run in cycles—perhaps the next fad will be a very elegant style. Who knows?"

But to get back to his career. He became musical director of the Brunswick Phonograph Record Company and it was in this capacity that he met the *Revelers*, his all-time protégés. This combination, the oldest vocal ensemble in radio, was then made up of James Melton, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn, with Black as arranger, director and pianist. Together they made a tremendous splash. Who doesn't remember them on stage, on records, on the air—on everything, as a matter of fact? Even today he makes their arrangements and directs them.

He was also, at this time, superintending the making of piano rolls at Ampico. Several mornings a week he'd sit down at the keyboard of the machines and cut rolls under eight different names—plain ones for the light, and fancy ones for the classical stuff. As if it wasn't trouble enough keeping track of his own various aliases, the *Revelers* began recording for various companies under different names (it's standard practice) and it was along about here that Black developed the orchestral harmonizing that helped in large part to make the *Revelers* what they are. "Orchestral harmonizing" is a blending of voices so that they suggest instruments, and in this he preceded the Mills Brothers by twelve years. Matter of fact, his method is entirely different, in that his is a great deal more subtle, for his men don't actually imitate musical instruments, only suggest them.

"Went on the air for my first real broadcast," he mused, "in 1925, for the *Bakelite Corporation*. No, it wasn't with the *Revelers*. I had a band of twenty-one men, the largest on the air then."

Radio was practically in its cradle days in 1925, at least as far as it affected the general public, but Black saw its possibilities and stayed with it. One of his early theories, openly ridiculed at the time, has since been generally adopted. He believed that there was a definite need for a thirty-piece string symphony orchestra which could play Bach and Beethoven as easily as the moderns. He proved his ability in radio and music in general so well that, by 1932, he was the logical choice for the position of Musical Director of *NBC*.

Some time after this he was made Doctor of Music by Missouri Valley College at an impressive ceremony. After the ceremony he hustled out of his gown and, pressing the Dean and two trustees into service, went fishing. The same year saw him a member of the French Academy, because of ".....services to French artists and the promotion of the cause of French music in the United States." He accepted this honor as calmly as the other, regretting only the lack of a nearby lake.

Under his direction, *NBC* music ranges from Grofe to Beethoven. Such a classic as the *Arioso* introduction to J. S. Bach's cantata, *Ich steh' mit einem fuss im grabe*, rubs noses with *Jazz Fugue and Choral*, and like it, and so do the listeners, if stacks of congratulatory mail prove anything. His "all" programs, such as his All Russian, All Brahms, All Rachmaninoff and All Wagner, have pleased his listeners fully as much as his beautifully-arranged Gershwin programs.

"I've come to the conclusion," he confided, "after going through various immature, dogmatic stages when I felt that music could be measured and found to be definitely good or definitely bad, that there are only two kinds of music—the music I like and the music I don't like. Music is a science, but it's not an *exact* science, and your critic must rely in great part on his good taste."

He has a wide reputation for being able to write out an orchestration, in his neat, precise way, while carrying on an involved conversation. He does them, literally, everywhere. "I used to write them on the Twentieth Century on my regular Chicago hops," he complained, "but since they've speeded up that train, it's too bumpy for writing, so I take the plane, which isn't"

At that moment the phone rang—it was Lewis James, of the *Revelers*. "How are yer, Lewis?" Black asked. He didn't say "you," but rather a natural, easy "yer." James wanted, and got, musical advice.

For no particular reason, I said: "I hear that your tails are the best in New York."

"Credit Earl Benham," he laughed. Imagine the old-time maestro, patronizing New York's swankiest tailor!

"Any plans for the future?" I asked.

"I'd like to do a season of symphony concerts. I don't know exactly what—just the best of everything, like the *Fifth* of Beethoven. By the way, would you like to see my first editions of music?"

For my information, and yours, I learned that music has its first editions even as do books, and that they're apt to be just as rare and valuable. Most of his are bound in beautiful "fine" bindings, or in especially-bound containers, when the outside of the edition is worth preserving. They're largish, about two feet by one-and-a-half, and run to some 400 pages. Many of them go as far back as 1805—his *Sonata* by Kreuzer, for instance, printed in both German and French, one above the other. The pages are slightly yellowed with age and, to the layman, present the usual puzzle that conductors' scores do.

He showed me a copy of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody* that may have gone back even further than 1805, I'm not sure. "Liszt changed the music in a later edition," he told me, absorbed in the copy. "Look at this one," showing me one whose title page proclaimed that it was written by "G. W. Marks." "Yes?" I asked. "'G. W. Marks,'" he explained, "was the pen-name used by Brahms when he wrote pot boilers." (You're probably aware that a "pot boiler" is a very commercial work dashed off while the landlord waits, impatiently, for the rent.)

"Hello Minardi," he spoke to someone waiting outside, and one of his assistants seized upon the opportunity to dash into the office. For several minutes the talk revolved around Puccini and a certain Bach choral. "No," he said finally,

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"Gounod is school-teacherish."

"Have you a press agent?" I inquired.

"Why no, not now anyway." He grinned like a school boy caught putting gum in the teacher's seat. "Why?"

"You're supposed to have cracked a horrible joke," I poked around through my notes until I found it. "You're supposed to have read that a big shirt factory had been among the first to reopen after the up-turn, whereupon you exclaimed: 'I guess they needed them, so many people lost their shirts during the depression!'"

"Do they blame me for that?" he writhed visibly.

"I thought I saw the fine Italian hand of a press agent in it," I admitted.

"Thanks. My ideas of humor run along slightly different lines. Like the time I was lecturing at a Philadelphia club. A group of us were sitting off to one side, waiting our turns, and from there I could hear a couple of waiters making comments on the speakers. As I went by, one turned to the other and said: 'That's Frank Black, th' musical director of *NBC!*' 'Gw'an,' the second one snapped back, 'don't kid me, th' *National Biscuit Company* don't have no band!'"

Then last summer in Cleveland, where he was giving a week of concerts in an outdoor bowl, he had blimp trouble. The blimp trouble consisted of a pair of noisy blimps that were pacing off a measured course at exactly the same time every day and, of course, Fate decreed that they should go over during the softest portion of the symphony. He fixed that by timing its loudest part so that when the blimps buzzed overhead the cymbals and brasses were tearing the ceiling from the sky. Then again, when the *Yanks* and *Indians* were scheduled for an important game at three o'clock, and his concert was set for the same time, he compromised with the Muse by advancing the concert time so that he and the customers could take in both. When he got there he found one whole bleacher filled with his pop-guzzling musicians. This man Black doesn't need any press agent to manufacture a sense of humor for him!

Outside of a very busy career, he tries to lead a normal life with his pretty wife, the former Evelyn Blakely, in their Sutton Place home. "She's a first-rate music critic," he said, "she has a tremendous sense of rhythm and knows both the classics and the moderns. She has excellent taste and, best of all, a sense of humor—a definite requisite in this marriage business, don't you think so?" I avoid things I know nothing about—I shrugged my shoulders.

They have a farm about seven miles from where he was born. He gets over to it as often as he can but he disclaims all intention of returning to the family dairy business. He does have cows and chickens and such rural impedimenta, though.

Black is a successful deep-sea fisherman and a fair golfer. And the Blacks, together, are people who like people. One of his wife's friends is a girl named Peggy. Last name's Mitchell and she wrote a book a while back called *Gone With the Wind.* You may have read it in an odd moment.

"We go abroad whenever we can," he said with a sigh, "We're both very fond of travel and it *is* a change."

It must be a change from copyrights, compositions, musicians who don't know a *fugue* from a *segue,* auditions, dictations and rehearsals all day long!

Done with him, I asked him—the man who has a perfect memory for entire scores and operas—for his telephone number, so I could check back on a couple of points.

"Certainly," he said, "it's er—er—er—"

It should be his privilege to forget little things like telephone numbers. . . . .

JERITZA, THE MAGNIFICENT

(*Continued from page 31*)

lush. Why not? For Jeritza, herself, defies most of the laws of average living—by embracing not a few of the gifts of life, but all of them. With lush and florid abandon, fame and triumph such as come to few mortals, love, riches, romance, decorations have catapulted from an inverted Horn of Plenty over the stunning gold of her head. And the great gift of song.

I sat, one of a coterie, at cocktails with Jeritza in the knotty pine-panelled playroom of her palatial (*really* palatial) home in Beverly Hills. The home Winfield Sheehan occupied before ever he brought Jeritza there, a bride. A home furnished almost entirely with museum pieces, rare and exquisite, a fitting frame for this woman who has walked with kings, charming a world with her golden voice.

Jeritza wore sharkskin slacks of bright canary yellow, large turquoise clasps at her strong throat. She wore sandals and silk hosiery rolled down around white ankles. Her hands were unmanicured, the nails guiltless of scarlet polish, the hands of a woman who works with her hands, shapely and strong. She ate her way completely around a strapping dish of potato chips and topped it off with five extremely gooey chocolate pastries. She dismissed the word "diet" with a contemptuous shrug of splendid shoulders. "I like to be myself," she said. There would be something too pale and finicky, for Jeritza, about dieting and fretting over calories. She doesn't take reducing exercises or massage for keeping down weight. She doesn't think about it. She lives her life and it is vital and active and strenuous enough to keep her finely fit. She doesn't smoke.

The gentlemen kissed the hands of Madame. The women made haste to recover her handkerchief when she dropped it. They were like lords and ladies at the court of a queen who believes in democracy. Many men, in all ranks of life, have loved her, humbly glad to leave their hearts on her altar. Women are her loyal friends, eager to do her service. In the gay room the voices of her friends rose about her, incense-wise but companionable, too. One heard such fragments as: "Shall you sing *Tosca* again, Madame?" and: "Yes, certainly," smiled Jeritza. (She

s constantly smiling. She is constantly throwing her head back to laugh, long and loud and clear). "Do you remember her *Elsa?*" asked another. "It was as *Elsa* that she made her début, in Austria . . ." "Can you ever forget her *Carmen* . . ." "In Wagner she is sublime . . ." "I like best to hear her sing the old songs. More than ever then, I think, her heart is in her voice . . ." "I love to gamble," comes the amused voice of Jeritza, "but I cannot bear to win. It is a phobia wiz me. I keep saying 'double or not'ing' until I lose . . ." "Do you remember how she began, really?" came a whisper in my ear. "How, when she was barely sixteen, Richard Strauss heard her sing in Stuttgart? How he said: 'She must sing my *Ariadne* in Vienna. *I want that girl or nobody!*'"

She loves to sing. Opera. The old songs. She loves to turn somersaults. And does, expertly. She adores shoes and has shelves crammed with them. She adores hats and buys them, prodigally. She loves to garden, not just puttering about, lady-of-the-manor-wise, a shady hat over her magnetic face, a smart town-and-country basket on her arm, but *really* garden, down on her knees, her hands thrust, bare, into the good earth. She said to me: "I could live all of my life out-of-doors." She is an expert housekeeper. She has not forgotten the days nor the ways of her childhood, in Brünn, where she was born, in Austria, near Vienna. A simple household, her father, her mother (both gone now), her sister and herself. The ritual of wholesome, plain living, parents who did not want her to sing professionally, who had never heard of nice, good women "having careers"—but they could not leash or harness or keep undiscovered the sublimity of that inspired soprano which rang out over fields and flowers, over the sowing and the reaping and all growing things, which she loved and understood then, loves and understands now.

She has not outgrown that girl of less than sixteen who sang the *Ariadne* of Strauss for the Queen of Wurtenburg. The child who was herself, dressed in simple white mull, her heavy golden braids swinging to her knees. The child who did not wish to go to meet the queen, who said: "I came here to sing." ("I was always obstinate," smiled Jeritza.) The child who did meet the queen and, when Her Majesty spoke to her, answered politely: "Yes, *Mrs. Queen.*" And the queen, enchanted by that golden beauty housing that golden voice, took a mammoth brooch from her own bosom and fastened it on to the white mull frock of the young Maria. Her first jewels, her first diamonds—and she was not yet sixteen. She hasn't outgrown the child who did not seem to be aware, nor ever let it make any difference in her, that she was the queen's favorite, the darling of the court, before scarcely she had left the nursery in Brünn. For Jeritza still—and through all the years of her blazing triumphs, at the Royal Opera in Vienna, the years 1921 to 1931 at the Metropolitan in New York, singing, most notably, I think, *Tosca, Carmen, Lohengrin, The Girl of the Golden West, Boccaccio*—gives of herself as generously to a super in an opera house as to the royalty which so often occupies the royal boxes and bestows upon her all the decorations which royalty can give.

So this Jeritza, all the more magnificent



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because she does not wear her magnificence like a mantle, keeps her husband's house. She counts the linen. She plans the menus. She does her own marketing. She gave a dinner party a few days ago and was discovered on the morning of the dinner, at the Thriftimart, here in Beverly Hills, a basket on her arm, plumping the chickens with her own hands, turning over heads of lettuce, pinching tomatoes and avocados to test their perfect ripeness, turning over boxes of berries to make certain that the top layer did not belie the lower layers.

And she holds out heart of hope to women no longer in their 'teens, in their twenties, in their thirties. That hope and optimism to which the Duchess of Windsor has given such impetus. For Jeritza does believe that love and life can "begin at forty," at fifty, at any age. She said: "Love—*and life*—can begin at any age, can begin again and again and again, fully, if we stand with open hands and heart to receive them. As for love alone, all of the 'grandes amoreuses' of history have been women in their forties. Maintenon, DuBarry, de l'Enclos—all of them have been mature women, with the understanding of men, a fertile understanding of life. It is not age which has to do with life or love or work. It is the rich readiness to receive it, as a communion, not once but over and over, again and again and again.

"I know . . . For when I came to Hollywood, so short a time ago, I had had everyt'ing, I thought—fame, adulation, wealth, jewels, Rolls Royces, Vienna, Paris, Berlin; had had love, marriage, excitement, triumphs. There is no more of fame to be had than the fame I have had, no more of triumph, no more decorations. There could be no more of anyt'ing for me, I might have thought. The same, again, perhaps, but not more. I would 'ave been wrong. So wrong! But so, I come to Hollywood for a few days of sunshine and roses and rest, that is all. And what do I find here, waiting for me? I find love, a great love. The greatest in all my life. I find tenderness and companionship and such joy and contentment as I had not known, had not believed to be possible. I found here, when I meet Mr. Sheehan, the superb crowning of my whole life, my whole career.

"I am happy as I, who believed truly that I had know' all happiness, never dreamt of, not knowing. *I did not know that this could be!*

"It was the love at first sight. I go to a party, here in Hollywood, thinking no more than that I would have good time and lot of laugh. Miss Louella Parsons introduce me to Mr. Sheehan. And instantly I *know!* I know what has happen' to me. I look deep and only at his eyes and I take a great, deep breath and say to myself: 'What is this, then?' But I know! I see that he has the mos' beautiful eyes I have ever looked. I see that he is what now I know he is, so generous, so kind to all. An intellectual giant, yes, but with the great, warm heart making that all matter so much." (And Jeritza, her famed singing teacher, Estelle Liebling, told me, is herself an intellectual giant, one of the most intellectual women of her age, having read everything, studied, delved deeply, thought profoundly.) "I knew, then," said Jeritza, simply.

They both knew. This man of vast power, of wealth, of limitless experience, of keen intellect, this man whose business it has been, and is, to meet and develop the most beautiful women of his time—and this woman of matchless, imperial beauty, international fame, who has walked upon a carpet of the hearts which men have laid at her feet—this man and this woman met and knew, on meeting, that all they had known and experienced before was as nothing compared to this

And they waited only long enough for Jeritza, who had been married to Baron Popper, to be free.

The love of Maria Jeritza and Winfield Sheehan is, surely, one of the great loves of our time. They sit together, I am told, hours through, holding hands as real and simple lovers have done and will always do. They speak endearing, tender words, one to the other, not the easy coins of sentimentality, but deeply loving words from their hearts. So that, hearing them, being with them, you have a new awareness of the beauty human relationships can have. Jeritza sings to him, to him alone. Operatic arias. The old sweet songs they both love. Mr. Sheehan reads scripts to her and they discuss them, analyze them. In the theatre, in their home, they run pictures. Jeritza sees every picture made. And admires, especially, Myrna Loy, Garbo, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy. She will, herself, make a picture, if and when the right story is found for her. That it must be the right story goes without saying. There is a rumor that Frances Marion has such a story for her.

They listen to the radio together. To the symphonies, to the opera. They laugh at Jack Benny, W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy, even as you and I. Jeritza, as you know, has sung on the *General Motors Hour*. And in the autumn she will come to us, via the airwaves, on a commercial program, every week. Half an hour every week. She could not, when I talked with her, divulge the name of the sponsor, what hour it will be. But you will know soon—and the most and the best any of us needs to know is that we shall have her with us, weekly. She will sing opera on the air, of course. (*Tosca* is her favorite). And she will sing, as she always does, some of the old songs she loves so well.

Jeritza is a radio fan. Not only a fan but also a lover of radio. And she loves it because it is so "greatly giving." She loves it because it gives the music she loves, not only to a chosen few, but to everyone, everywhere. Which is the way Jeritza would have all things be—greatly and generously giving.

They go to their ranch together, Jeritza and her husband, over the week-ends. And there, in Hidden Valley, on the ranch, Jeritza is perhaps "most happy of all my happiness." For hand-in-hand, they go over the fields and the truck gardens, the stables, the corrals. They inspect horses and cows, mules and pigs and chickens. They go into the chicken runs in the early mornings and hunt for eggs. And Jeritza, gathering them, shouts triumphantly: "Look, we have one hundred twenty this morning, only one hundred nineteen yesterday morning!" This woman, who has worn upon her breast the decorations of kings and emperors, is as elated over the "one hundred twenty eggs" as over all the insignia of royalty! Surely the hens must curtsy, the roosters doff their combs when Jeritza, the Magnificent, steps

into their coops!

"I tell you what is the wonderfulness," Jeritza told me when, her guests gone, we sat in the great entrance hall of the house, Jeritza sitting, casually but still magnificently, upon a marble-topped table as she talked. "I tell you. I have been, always, like the bird in the golden cage. I have never been permitted to be myself. I have never been permitted to go to a café alone, without a chaperone, to a picture theatre alone. I have never been allowed to walk alone, by myself. Now I am not the bird in the cage any longer. Now I am a woman, freed, liberated. I have all that I have ever had and I have, too, the simple things, the free life which I love. I have a man to companion me in all things. It is greatly great to live with a great man.

"There is a penalty to fame alone, I now know. It is the penalty of never being by one's self, alone. It is the penalty when, riding in a train, at every station there are people. So that when I am on a train I mus' keep to my compartment, have all my meals serve' there, not talk to everyone on the train and have the fun I would like. For if I go out at every station, when I feel like going, I run the danger of that forced smile—like this (Jeritza made a mirthless, stereotyped grimace, the set-piece smile of the celebrity greeting the public). I cannot do that. I cannot force myself, zat is it. I can not force myself in any way, with anyone, about anything. When I am with people I like, when I feel so, I smile and the smile is from my heart. When I do not feel like the smile, I cannot smile. I cannot pretend that I am smiling with my lips when my heart does not smile. I do not want to learn that way.

"Some of the feeling I have I write in poems. Yes, poems and novels I have written. No, I have not published. I do not care about that. I put them down when I feel sentimental—for I am very sentimental—when I see a moon over a garden, a mist over the sea, a child saying his prayers. Then I feel more than I can say and I write the poem . . .

"But so—friendship is the most. If you ask me what has been the most of all that I have had, I would say friendship. I do not mean that friendship only when one is riding high, driving the stallions of success and riches and fame. No, I mean that friendship which is still there when one rides high no more, when one is sorrowful in defeat. Then friendship is real and the most.

"Friendship is even more than love, when love is of the emotional love only, which describes, like the arc, first swooping high up and then very far down, never staying, so. If love grows with the growth and develop' into the warmth of an affectionate, close friendship, then that is the most and the best of all.

"I would like," said Jeritza, as we said goodbye, "I would like you to write a pretty story about me which people will enjoy. I wish you would say, last of all, that everyone has been so good to me and made my life so beautiful—right from the time when 'Mrs. Queen' pinned her brooch on me and kissed my cheeks, to this minute, to now . . ."

Yes, I thought, as I walked down the avenue, beneath clipped yews, yes, literally, Jeritza, the Magnificent!

Help your skin BREATHE



and help it stay YOUNG!

ALMOST two years ago, Woodbury's scientists found a way to put the "Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's famous Cold Cream . . . made tests that proved the elusive vitamin would work in this new medium. Beauty specialists foresaw a precious new aid to skin health . . . Two years of use have told the story—on the faces of pleased women! Today we know that

Vitamin D Stimulates the Skin's Breathing!

As you rub Woodbury's into your skin, the Vitamin D is absorbed by the living cells, quickens their respiration. Your skin begins to *breathe better!* The stimulated skin shows new vigor, can better resist fatigue and wear. This bland cream cleans, softens dry skin, helps protect from weather. And remember, Woodbury's Cold Cream is . . . and stays

GERM-FREE to the LAST

It will not harbor the bacteria that so often cause skin blemishes! Use Woodbury's Cold Cream regularly night and morning . . . and watch your well-cared-for face respond with flattering effect! At cosmetic counters everywhere, in 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and extra generous $1.00 jars that last for weeks. Your skin will thank you if you get a jar today!



SEND FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

Brings you trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold Cream (with Vitamin D) and Woodbury's Facial Cream; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 generous packets of Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6782 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

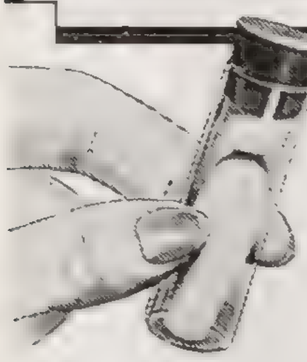
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THE TRUTH
ABOUT
Feminine Hygiene

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 1046 New Brunswick, N. J.

EACH IN GLASS VIAL



$1 FOR BOX OF 12

Zonitors
3,125,600 Used in 1936
MADE BY ZONITE

Sensational FREE Offer

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS.
DEPT. GH, 395 B'WAY, N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost (15c in Canada)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

RIPLEY, HIMSELF, IS A BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

(*Continued from page 23*)



Singing Strings, Harriet Wilson (left) first violinist and leader, with Evelyn Hirsch and Josephine Harvey. They're heard over the Columbia network.

stars whose names are almost legendary now—Christy Mathewson, Chief Meyers, Jim Thorpe, Arthur Fletcher and others. Incidentally, Ripley says that Fletcher, now a coach with the world champion *Yankees*, is one of the most interesting characters he ever met. On the field, Fletcher was a terror, but Rip declares he never met a milder man in private life.

When traveling with the *Dodgers* as a scribe, about 1914-1916, Ripley became particularly friendly with Casey Stengel and the late Jake Daubert. "I think Stengel had the most remarkable sense of humor of any person I ever met in sports," said Rip. "Few athletes have a real sense of humor, but Casey was highly developed along those lines. He was one of my favorite characters in sports and I certainly was amazed when he was let out as manager of the Brooklyn Club.

"Daubert was an entirely different type from Stengel, a shrewd, calculating player. I believe that Jake was one of the most scientific hitters baseball ever saw. He spent more time studying ways and means of out-guessing pitchers than anybody I ever met while traveling with a ball club."

Ripley is a busy man now, what with his cartoons, his radio broadcasts, his books and his various Odditoriums at expositions throughout the country, but he still manages to work out once a week at his home in Mamaroneck, N. Y., playing catch with his younger brother. Rip has a fully-equipped gymnasium in his home, but never gets the opportunity to take advantage of it. A strenuous workout at catch or one-old-cat constitutes most of his exercise these days.

It wasn't so long ago that Ripley, lithe and slim-waisted, was a familiar figure on the handball courts of the New York Athletic Club. He won several club championships and three times took the national singles title and three times was a member of the national doubles champions. That, however, was before radio work took all his spare time off his hands.

Rip's skill at handball, believe-it-or-not, led up to his becoming a wrestler, involved as that may sound. It really was very simple. Fred Bingham, an exceptional wrestler, admired Ripley as a handball player. Almost every night at the New York A. C., Bingham would play Ripley at handball and lose. Then Ripley would engage in a wrestling bout with Bingham and lose. Each coached the other in his own sport. They traded tricks of the trade and soon Rip was a proficient wrestler and Bingham one of the better handball players.

As a wrestler, Ripley soon was outstanding for a non-professional. Egged on by Rip's brother sports scribes, Jack Curley, well known promoter, offered $500 for a bout between Ripley and another sports writer. Primarily, it was a gag to get Buck O'Neil into the arena with Rip, but Buck didn't rise to the bait.

The opponent finally selected for Ripley was Arthur (Bugs) Baer, humorist and wise-cracker, who, like Rip, is now employed by King Features and is not entirely unknown to radio audiences. Like real professional wrestlers, Bugs and Rip practiced with each other. Wrestling was not as extensive then as now, but both Baer and Ripley knew that you couldn't wrestle in public, without first rehearsing in private.

"Because I had been at it longer, I was a shade better than Bugs," relates Ripley. "We figured that our bout, which was only for twenty minutes, should end in a draw, which would give us the laugh on the guys who had framed us and were all set to kid the loser, whichever he might be.

"Curley billed us as a preliminary to Zbyszko and Lewis. But Bugs, the son of a gun, double crossed me. He tried to throw me right at the start of the match. We finally wrestled the full twenty minutes, without either gaining a fall, and it was called a draw.

"The ribbers who were responsible for the match were determined to have their laugh anyway. They got to Curley and told Jack not to give us the promised $500

e stalled me off with a sad tale about e gate falling below expectations. That as all right, but the gag was that Curley ld Bugs he had given me the $500.

"For months afterward, Baer used to mand his share of the $500. None of my nials did any good. He's forgotten about now, I think, but I'll bet if anybody ings up the subject, he'll swear I still ve his half of the money."

Ripley later took up the study of judo, jiu jitsu, the Japanese style of wrestling which an opponent's own strength and eight is turned against him. He still nsiders wrestling and handball excellent rms of exercise, although he rarely has e time to do either any more.

Primarily, Ripley was a sports cartoonist, arting at the age of sixteen with the *San rancisco Chronicle* and receiving his first ajor assignment a year later, at the effries-Johnson fight at Reno in 1910. ven when he branched out with his first *elieve-It-Or-Not* cartoon on the *New ork Globe* in 1918, Rip remained mainly sports cartoonist. He was the first to end a sketch by telephone, his cartoon rom the ringside of the second Tunney-empsey fight in Chicago in 1927, going o his paper in New York via telephonic ransmission.

It was when Ripley went to King eatures in 1929 that his work began to ssume the proportions it has now reached, hich requires a staff of twenty-eight, ine of whom do nothing but handle mail. He keeps three weeks ahead in his work nd, since his cartoon is a seven-day feature, he never has a chance to take a day ff. Even during his travels, which have aken him through 197 countries, running he alphabetical and geographical gamut rom Aden and Afghanistan to Zanzibar nd Zara, Rip keeps up his work.

Although Ripley joined the syndicate luring the depression era, his work is now arried in 300 newspapers and is translated nto thirteen languages. There has never een a cancellation by any paper of the *Believe-It-Or-Not* feature, believe-it-or-ot!

Rip's first radio appearance was with John B. Kennedy on *Collier's Hour.* He went on his first sponsored program for the *Colonial Beacon Oil Company* in April, 1930. He has been on the air almost continually since then, barring the three months he takes off annually to travel in search of material.

Recently on the Sunday evening *Bakers Broadcast,* Ripley has now changed sponsors and is heard on the *General Foods Program* over *NBC-Blue,* Friday nights at 9:00, *EDST.*

It was inevitable that Ripley's mail should increase when he became a radio performer, but Rip himself was surprised not only at its profusion but at the apparent difference in type between those who wrote in as listeners and those who wrote in as readers of his feature.

"Obviously, the people who listen to the radio programs are the same people who read newspapers, but there is a marked difference in the type of their letters," he said. "Why this should be, I don't profess to know, but there it is, believe-it-or-not!"

And thus you have Robert L. Ripley, artist, author, radio entertainer, impresario of freaks and ex-wrestler, ex-ball player, believe-it-or-not!



WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario) (37)

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 7*)

Another vaudeville notable the Vallee hour and other programs have been calling on this summer is Doc Rockwell. Doc's fame rests entirely on his comedy performances, but there are some items in his private life that really should be recorded for history.

There was the time he founded a hotel in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, just because he thought it might be fun to have a hotel. The venture prospered and Doc closed it up. "The salt shakers were always getting plugged up," he explained.

Probably the triumphant moments of Doc's life came with his trick on contracts during the last days of big vaudeville circuits. Conditions were changing rapidly and the printed contracts were being amended from time to time by clauses printed in with rubber stamps. Doc got a rubber stamp of his own and sneaked it in occasionally.

The Rockwell stamp provided, "An ice cream soda shall be delivered to the dressing-room after each performance."

After the first show of an engagement, the manager would drop backstage and Doc would demand: "Don't you read your contract? Where's my soda?"

Mystified, the manager would hunt up the contract, find that rubber stamped clause and send back the soda. The rest of the afternoon would be spent in bewilderment, wondering: "What can the world be coming to, when such things can be?"

Some ten-year-old newspapers came out of a bottom drawer the other day and the striking thing was the advertisements on radio sets. "One-dial tuning" was the point stressed.

It took years to achieve that—and now look over the modern sets. The front of them has a half dozen gadgets, each one of which must be turned to tune in a program. And the modern ads boast of that just as the old ads used to scream about "One-dial tuning."

Next time a friend remarks: "Next thing you know, we'll have television"—just take a small chance and hoot at him. Not that television broadcasts are impossible. Television now is able to transmit clear, bright pictures, almost equal to the quality of a movie screen.

The tipoff comes in a recent governmental committee report to President Roosevelt. Television, the report ran, has been good enough technically for broadcast ever since 1929. The problem has been to find someone to finance the project, both in construction of transmitters and manufacture and purchase of receivers. On both ends of that arrangement, the expense will be much greater than in transmitting mere sound, as today's radio does.

And that doesn't even mention the problem of finding something to broadcast, even if they do find people with money to buy the very expensive sets.



Meet Alice Reinheart, *NBC* dramatic actress once a child prodigy. Energy personified, she appears daily in the serials, *John's Other Wife* and *Love and Learn*. In other words, she's on easy speaking terms with mikes.

You can probably give your hoot safely but, don't bet much money on television's prospects either way. All over the world, some of the greatest scientists of our generation are experimenting. Any day, one of them might come up with a new development to revolutionize the whole theory of how to transmit television pictures. That is unlikely, but it already has happened once in television's brief history. The great change came just before 1929, when laboratories developed the present theory of making electrons form a pattern that make up the television picture.

The change that will make television not only legible but inexpensive may be in process today or it may take years. The whole process is so complicated, even its great engineers refuse to venture a prediction.

Rest assured, though, there will be nothing doing in home television for at least two years. Merchandising preparation for the sale of sets would take that long.

The visitor to Joe Cook's fabulous, fantastic country home probably will have difficulty, at times, in distinguishing between the servants and the guests. Out of his great circle of theatrical friends, Joe usually finds someone to act as a comedy servant over a week-end.

A butler may meet the guest at the door, take coat and hat with grave courtesy, and then bundle the coat up and with all his might hurl it out on the lawn. That probably would be Nemo, the old circus clown.

**hind the bar may be Herman, the mid-
:, just able to peer over the top by stand-
g on tiptoe.**

*Or the butler may be the comedian.
Fox. His favorite stunt is to act
perfect servant all afternoon and watch
r the moment when the whole crowd is
one room. In he walks then and picks a
d and savage argument with Joe over
hours and low pay.*

If some little prank such as that goes off
rfectly, Joe walks around looking like
e happiest man in the world.

**No matter whether you like the Wednes-
y and Saturday evening *Hit Parade* pro-
ams, they do have one use. When one
the day's tunes keeps running through
ur mind with the title annoyingly elusive,
st turn to *Hit Parade*. Its review of the
ek's dozen most popular songs is rea-
nably sure to include both tune and
le of the one preying on your mind.**

*Dorothy Lamour's sudden and emphatic
ccess in movies certainly is a contrast
her earlier radio experience. Last sum-
er Dorothy was singing on a late evening
BC program and NBC had decided she
ould have a great publicity build-up.
hey tried their best, but the scheme simply
zzled. No one seemed interested in
orothy and she drifted out of radio.*

Then came her success in Hollywood
ctures and all of a sudden her radio
rvices were in great demand. The same
orothy, who a year ago was not con-
dered good enough for a sustaining pro-



Ferde Grofe, jovial orchestra leader who conducted a summer series of symphonies over CBS.

gram is now one of radio's higher-salaried songstresses on the W. C. Fields program.

Frances Langford had almost the same experience. Before her arrival in Hollywood, a couple of years ago, she had been a minor member of a dozen radio programs, seemingly with no prospect of real stardom. She appeared in a couple of pictures and all of a sudden the radio public discovered that here was one of its two or three favorite popular singers.

Whenever Fred and Portland Allen come to the end of a radio engagement, Portland always dissolves in sentimental tears sometime during the last performance. She always makes good friends during the season and Portland is a girl who hates to say goodbye.

Fred makes goodnatured fun of this amiable weakness of Portland's and tells the story of a night, early in their romance, when it almost got him into a fight. Their Broadway show was closing and as Fred was finishing his final skit of the evening, Portland stood in the wings, tears streaming down her cheeks. Fred jumped to the conclusion someone backstage had insulted Portland.

His temper blazing, he rushed through the final moments of the act and dashed offstage, his fist cocked to pop the guy who had insulted Portland.

Incidentally, Fred's new two-year contract with his sponsor should settle all those absurd rumors about his quitting radio. The only foundation they had was the fact that Fred was wondering whether he might not be better off on a half hour program. He returns to his hour as soon as he finishes his picture, which probably means he will be back on the air sometime in November.

One group of radio stars that refused to permit studio audiences is the actors in comedy serials—*Amos 'n' Andy, Easy Aces,*

(*Continued on page 92*)

Taste...*as keen when the day is done*

because **an ingredient, a source of irritation in other cigarettes, is not used in the manufacture of Philip Morris.**



Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**

America's finest 15¢ Cigarette



Beauty in her Eyes—
Hearts at her feet—

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS
ONE SIMPLE SECRET

● A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto! —straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe — the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish — use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be *beauty-wise* when choosing your all important eye make-up—*insist* on Maybelline.

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Tested and Approved — 4817 — Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(*Continued from page 59*)

telling me that *Gang Busters* was a fine show, or that *We, The People* was particularly well-received, I naturally am pleased. But more than that, I know we are on the right track—that this is what people want.

Sometimes we get a letter knocking a show. We accept it in good faith as honest criticism, analyze the objections, and try to avoid them in subsequent broadcasts.

That's why I like to receive these letters. Every one is read and I wish I had time to answer them all personally. I'd like to stress this in my letter to you listeners —keep up your fan mail and thanks for all your letters in the past.

PHILLIPS H. LORD.

Dear Listeners:

Have you reached a point when listening to the radio tired you? Have you ever felt that all programs sounded alike, although you knew they weren't and that you felt that way because you spent too much time before the loud speaker? Well, suppose you try my "home-made remedy" for this condition!

Too many of us like one type of program above all others. Some like music, and will listen to nothing else. Others like sketches, and confine their listening to those. Others like programs ranging from lyric sopranos to kiddie broadcasts.

Most of the entertainment on the air is good. The people who decide what is to be heard are show-wise as to public likes and dislikes. Any one type of program, though, like too much honey, becomes cloying.

Here's what I did. I took all of the different types of programs—symphony music, dance music, opera, comedy sketches, dramatic sketches and comedy programs—and allotted one to each week-day. On each day I listened to that particular type of program exclusively—nor did I let any of the other classifications bother me. Each day was completely different.

Of course, there always are special programs that you like very much and to which you listen every week. These don't count, because you always enjoy them. Try this system. Perhaps you will like it as much as I do—it has worked successfully with my friends, too!

CAROL WEYMANN.

Dear Listeners:

Some of your letters are filled with compliments, and others are not so complimentary. The writers are prone to find fault at times, but few ever say why. Now we read all our mail and the principal reason is that we are always looking for constructive comments. Please tell us what you like especially, what you don't like and what our faults are. You then can rest assured that we will give them our immediate attention.

You must remember, too, that radio peo-

ple are not infallible and that "to err is human." We are endeavoring to serve your musical interests the best we can, so please help us. Don't be afraid to say what you think. We can take it.

HORACE HEIDT

Dear Listeners:

Letters from you mean even more to me, and to any radio performer, than the applause an actor receives across the footlights at a stage production. I only wish that I could answer each one of all the grand, friendly, and sometimes critical, letters that come to me.

They mean constructive criticism, constant inspiration, moments of great happiness because of the pleasure I may have brought some child, and occasional long minutes of a very choked-up feeling, when I am brought to realize how much radio means to the unfortunate people among us who are shut-ins.

No one who attempts to entertain the public through any other medium—the stage or the movies—can ever have quite the same feeling as I have when I receive a letter from some little child who has enjoyed my program and who has laboriously scrawled out a letter to tell me so. The next envelope, perhaps, may contain the lovely thoughts and philosophies of an eighty-year-old grandmother, who finds my program bringing back lovely memories of her childhood and happiness in these last years of her life.

Letters like those, and the ones in between, are a constant help and bring a steady flame of inspiration. Your letters have made my program possible. They have made me possible. God bless you!

IREENE WICKER, *The Singing Lady*

Dear Listeners:

If you were asked your idea of the chief need of radio, perhaps you'd answer that it was softness and gentleness of programs, so that they wouldn't disturb you while you were writing to Aunt Minnie, say, or giving the children a stiff lecture.

If I were to be asked my idea of the chief need of listeners, I'd proceed like this: Psychologists speak of "blind spots." They mean, I think, that people sometimes manage not to see what they don't want to see. A rare boon for performers would be the development among listeners of "deaf spots." Do you think you could learn to hear us only when we're at our best, when wit bubbles up like a fountain and you're moved to exclaim: *"Gosh, that guy's clever!"* Could you arrange to have your ears go dead when we've beaten out material that makes us glad radio caters only to the ears and not to the nose, and you're moved to exclaim: *"Gosh, that guy's awful!"*

If people can develop blind spots, they should be able to develop deaf spots. And since we might contend that the best thing a listener does is listen, why not selective listening? Or protective listening?

How is it to be managed? Don't ask me. I've supplied the idea. That's the tough part. Working it out should be easy. Consult your favorite psychologist or psychiatrist. And let me know how you come out!

DELMAR EDMONDSON, Editor,
Heinz Magazine of the Air

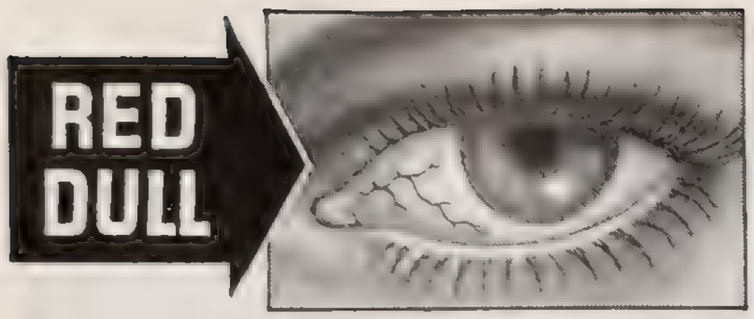


When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

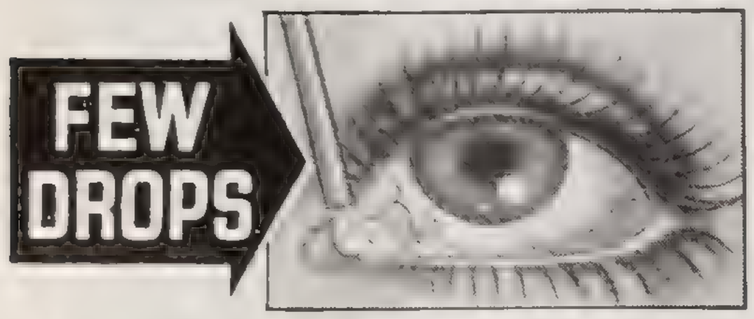
Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's *most pleasant remedy* for *fatigue* is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.

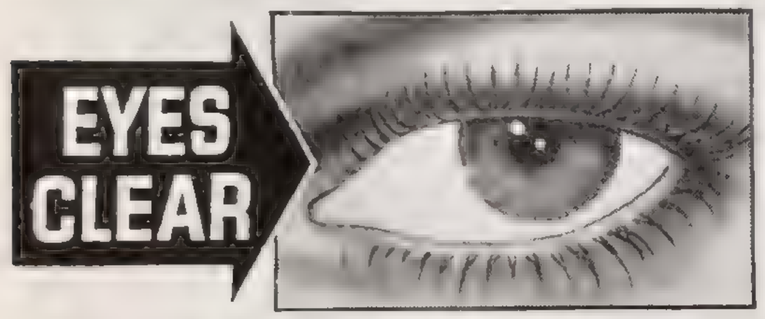
THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are *so* prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .



● Quick! A drop of *Eye-Gene* goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .



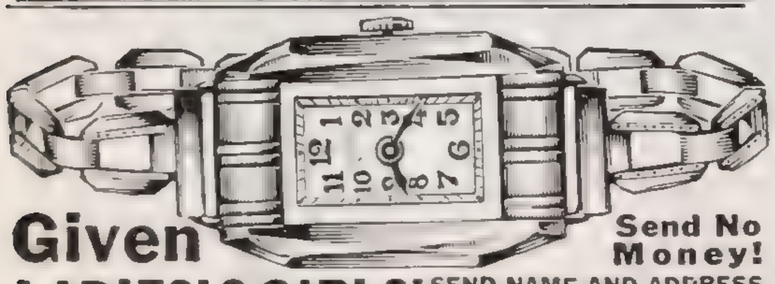
● In just a few seconds, yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And *so* refreshed.

NEW DISCOVERY

● *Eye-Gene!* Now used by thousands before every "date" to make eyes clear and lovely. Marvelously refreshing to tired, overworked eyes. Not like old-fashioned lotions and washes. Stainless, too. At all drug and 5 and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

Good Housekeeping Bureau



Given Send No Money!

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS Latest Shape High Grade

7-Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. **Yours** for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only $3. Our 42nd year. Be First. Write today for White Cloverine Salve

WILSON CHEM. CO. Inc., Dept. 10-H, Tyrone, Pa.



A LESSON IN FAILURE

(*Continued from page 39*)



If Ray Heatherton's story is "A Lesson in Failure," more and more people will be pulling flops just to get a break like this. Posing with three pretty girls doesn't come under the heading of hard labor, particularly when the ladies are the *Symphonettes*—Jean Norman, Marion Jerrigan and Marjorie Bullard. Ray had the pleasure of singing with them on the *MBS Nine O'Clock Revue*, before signing for his sustaining programs over *CBS*.

with his singing, who helped break down a practical husband's objections to music as a career for a boy, who had faith in him, during those awful months of failure in 1929 and 1930, who listened to him rehearse, and who gave him sound, constructive criticism (she too is a musician).

And Ray is appreciative of this. Because he knows she is interested, he telephones her after every broadcast. He lives at home with her and his younger sister, and until four months ago when they moved from the suburbs to New York, he commuted home every night. He likes the home influence.

It is probable that a lot of young men with good voices, who have not yet cracked the radio field, look upon Ray as one of those lucky guys who got the breaks. (Hasn't he been the *Ipana Troubador*, and successively not only had his own program, but sung on the *Chesterfield, Wrigley, Pepsodent, Schaefer Beer, Fels-Naptha* and other nationally sponsored shows? Isn't he now on Broadway, the star of a musical comedy?)

Well, Ray did have breaks, both bad and good. Like many another to whom success has come easily, he didn't appreciate his good luck until he found it had

slipped away from him.

Remember, back in 1928, when Paul Whiteman's *Old Gold* programs were the sensation of radio? When Bing Crosby and a dozen other young fellows, who have since made good in a big way with their own shows, were in the Whiteman cast?

That was when Ray Heatherton started out. He was just a kid out of Floral Park High School, Long Island. Whiteman heard him sing at a party one day. He liked Ray's romantic baritone voice and he promptly hired him at a fancy salary.

"Huh," said Ray. "This is *it*. I'm good. I'm going places!"

He did—for thirteen weeks. He sang on the Amsterdam Roof. Bought himself a lot of clothes, spent all his money. Was the cockiest young man you ever saw. Then Whiteman left for the West, signing another singer. Ray went looking for a new spot. He thought it would be a simple enough matter to get one.

It wasn't simple. In fact, it was impossible. Nobody was interested in this kid. The depression had begun to flower in its full pristine, jobless glory. Ray's father, a successful engineer, died suddenly with his affairs in a tangled state. There were no money and no job for Ray.

He walked the streets. He haunted the radio stations. He couldn't even get an audition. He had to have money. There were his mother and sister in the home at Floral Park, and there were his own empty pockets.

Somebody told him there was money to be made singing at funerals.

"That was my meat," said Ray with a grin. "I used to get up early and grab the morning papers to scan—no, not the Help Wanted columns, because there was no help wanted in 1929 and 1930, but the obituary columns. Then I'd get on the phone, calling either the minister or the mortuary. The conversation would go:

"'Mr. So-and-so? I see you are conducting a funeral tomorrow. Would you like a singer? My name is Heatherton and the Rev. Mr. So-and-so will recommend me highly. Would you like *Lead Kindly Light*, or *Abide With Me?*'"

He got many a funeral vocal chore this way. Sometimes, if he were soloist, he earned as much as ten dollars for a couple of hymns; if he were a member of a trio, only five dollars or less. It was paying, if depressing and uncertain work. But it wasn't leading him anywhere!

So, in between calling at the broadcasting offices and trying out for song spots, he looked for a more practical, if less glamorous, way of earning a living. He found it, with the New York Telephone Company and this, also, strangely enough, because of his singing. It seems the executive who hired him was a great admirer of the Paulist Choir and when he found Ray had sung with Father Finn's famous choral group, he gave the Heatherton application right of way over dozens of others that had piled upon his desk.

"I was the fellow who went around to see that the phones were working properly. Sort of a trouble inspector," Ray explained. "I had to go to school for three months to learn how to do my job. No, of course, I didn't like it, but we were eating now, and there was no more reading obituary notices.

"I was pretty discouraged. Pretty sunk. I thought to myself, maybe that White-



man job was a fluke. Maybe I can't sing worth sour apples. All my friends shook their heads. The only person who said 'keep going' was my mother.

"One day, on my noon hour, I went up to Columbia, but as usual nothing happend. On the way down in the elevator I got to talking to a fellow I knew, when Jimmy Melton, who had overheard us, suggested I try *NBC*. He was going there, he said, and I could go with him.

"Well, that was a wonderful break! Jimmy got interested when I told him what I'd done and offered to arrange an audition for me, with Ernest Cutting in charge. It was just a chance to be heard, that's all, but it was the chance I'd been trying to get. Imagine Melton doing that for a stranger! I've never forgotten it

"I went on one Monday night. There were a lot of comedians and show people ahead of me. The audition started at eight. At eleven, I was called. I was the last one, which was pretty disheartening, because I figured that, by that time, the men who were listening were exhausted and wouldn't even like Caruso if he were to sing for them.

"Here again, I had a break. The people ahead of me had all been awful and my voice came as a welcome surprise. I sang *The Trumpeter,* a couple of popular tunes and *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.* Perspiring and thinking: 'Well, that's over and it's back to the phone company for me,' I started to leave, when Cutting, breathless from dashing down five floors from the control room, rushed up to me. 'You are good, kid. They liked you. I think you're going to go over.'

"I felt wonderful! It seemed as if the heavens had opened up, at last. Sure, I telephoned my mother right away.

"And, so—that's the story. I went on a sustaining hour first and later into commercially sponsored programs. I got into this Broadway show business by accident. I had a singing rôle in the *Garrick Gaieties,* and one night, when one of the fellows became ill, I found myself playing his part. Then I was paged for *Babes in Arms,* in which I have a number of lines to speak.

"They tell me Hollywood is looking at me. I don't know whether I'd be any good on the screen, but I'm going to take a test when I get some time to go to California and have it done with the benefit of good studio lighting and make-up."

Was Ray frightened, that epochal evening at *NBC,* when his future hung in the balance?

"Not particularly," he says. "I was nervous, but it was a desperate kind of nervousness. I had stage fright once so badly I thought I was going to die. It was when I sang my first solo with the Paulist Choir. It was awful. I stood up in front of everybody and my voice wouldn't came out of my throat. My hands were moist, something was thundering inside my head. Finally, way off in the distance, I heard a voice singing *Ave Maria.* It was my voice! I didn't even know I was singing."

Ray's début as a singer was made many years ago with no self-consciousness, stage fright or clammy hands—rather with the outstretched palm, to the horror of his family.

He was five years old and, with his aunt, was traveling by boat to Virginia. The aunt, engrossed in a card game, let Ray out of sight. Hunting for him, she discovered him in the ship's bar, alternately singing *Sweet Adeline, Down Upon the Swanee River,* and passing the hat. He had collected the round sum of $4.27, before she put a stop to the proceedings—and, he refused to give the money back!

Romance in his life? He says there's nothing serious, and judging from the way he divides his attentions, he is speaking the truth. Favorites at this writing are two in number—a girl named Lillian in Floral Park, whom he has known and dated all his life, and Davenie Watson, a cute redhead who dances in *Babes in Arms,* and whom he beaus to the late night spots.

When I told him he'd probably have much more difficulty escaping women, and that he was apt to get the rush of his life if and when he went to Hollywood, he just dismissed my comment with the polite, but unbelieving: "We'll see about that when the times comes."

Yes, Hollywood, he's a good catch. He makes money, has prospects of making more, and is pretty much of a real person. He plays baseball with the gang in Floral Park, swings a mean polo stick, swims well enough to rescue a lad from drowning in the Atlantic last summer, is more erudite than most young leading men—speaking German, French and Spanish.

But, better than that, he has his head on his shoulders. He won't go haywire if he becomes a glamour boy. He has learned his lesson in failure!

The perfect perfume for each occasion





GARDENIA – true essence of the exquisite flower . . . your friends will whisper "What expensive perfume you're wearing!"

No. 3 PERFUME – Oriental enchantment . . . . intoxicating as rapturous moments. To him, the very breath of love.

Women will envy the rich distinction of Park & Tilford Gardenia. while men will fall willing victims to the caressing spell of oriental No. 3, You need *both* perfumes so each occasion will have it's own perfect fragrance. At leading drug and department stores 25c

Smart tuckaway size for 10c in ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page 11*)

from the brow gave width to the face and exposed the lovely brow. "Don't be afraid," Emile added, "to show the ears, if the ears are attractive."

Consider, too, your hair. Is it a golden halo? A cloud of dark loveliness? Auburn, perhaps? Or flaming red? Are there subtle glints of gold or copper? Well, there must be, to give life to the coiffure. Regardless of line or curl, there must be lovely color, if the hair is to be truly glorious, and if you would emphasize your personality, as do the stars of radio and stage and screen.

That favorite rinse of brownettes, brunettes, blondes, and all in-between shades, is now in a new package. A small package that is available at syndicate stores. The sparkling sunshine tints and delicate overtones that it imparts to all shades of hair make it just the rinse to put gleaming highlights in your tresses. Remember, it is not a dye or a bleach.

Remember, too, that you may write to me for the name.

Do you find any ideas in Maxine's hairdress that are applicable to you? Well, here is the next star, Kate Smith, with her full, round face and her gorgeous teeth and smile. As many of you have either the problem of a round face or that of drawing attention to the mouth, you will find some real ideas here.



Harriet Hilliard applies make-up for RKO's *New Faces of 1937*.

The round face may be flattered with sculptured waves. However, if the waves are stiff and too closely held to the head, the effect is to give undue prominence to its width. Let the waves be slanting to give length to the face. Comb them out and brush them into a soft halo when they are dry. Kate Smith usually has her hair waved in the morning and then, in the evening, just before the broadcast, she brushes her hair. This assures the hair being perfectly dry before the wave is disturbed.

A medium length bob will be most flattering to the neckline, if the neck is short. A high side or center part will cut the width of the face. Many people with full faces make the mistake of sweeping the hair too firmly back from the face. This is an excellent thing to do where the forehead is concerned, but when you reach the cheeks, let a loose wave sweep forward. This loose wave centers the attention on the face and its features—an excellent plan when the face is as pretty and expressive as Miss Smith's.

Jessica Dragonette was selected by Emile as having symmetrical features. Her brow is rather broad. Her face tapers down to the lovely chin. An interesting face in itself. A face whose delicately rounded oval is most subtly flattered by the unstudied hair style shown on page 10.

With features of this type, Emile strives to make the hair look as though it had never seen a professional wave, although the wave Emile places in this type of hair is proof of his professional skill. The hair gives the impression of aliveness. It is burnished from much brushing. The waves are placed loosely and the ends

(*Continued on page 95*)

"MAY I BE VERY PERSONAL?" ASKS Madeleine Carroll ☆ Star of "Personal History," a Walter Wanger Production



"THEN... CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE Color of Your Eyes"

BLUE AS THE SUMMER SEAS are Madeleine Carroll's eyes. And this lovely English star very wisely chooses makeup that accents their deep charm. It's makeup that *matches*... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara ... And it's makeup that matches *you!* For Marvelous Makeup is keyed to your own personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

DREAMS DO COME TRUE when you wear this new makeup, say 9 out of 10 girls who try it.

Ask at your drug or department store for *Dresden* type powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, if your eyes are blue; *Parisian* type if they are brown; *Patrician* type for gray; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

YOUR OWN MIRROR, your own leading man, will *applaud!*

Harmonizing ROUGE · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER · MASCARA · EYE SHADOW



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MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP *by* RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris ... London ... New York ... Toronto ... Buenos Aires ... Berlin

"IT'S WHAT I CALL REAL FLAVOR"

"Honest — you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste — smooth as custard — a real up-and-doing flavor!"



"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts — top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

WEST COAST CHATTER

(*Continued from page 57*)



Irene Rich is one who thoroughly believes the adage, "Life begins at 40." After abandoning the screen to become a first-rate radio star, Irene has scored even greater successes. She's on *NBC* Sundays at 9:45 p.m., *EDST*.

Show crowded into the *NBC* studio to hear Werner Janssen make his début on the new program. Werner says he's much happier under this arrangement, which allows him complete freedom with his musical ideas—also that new rôle of announcer pleases him no end.

And here's the reason Buddy Westmore lost that job at Paramount. When he and Martha eloped, she wired the studio of the event and asked for a few days for a honeymoon. Paramount wired back that if she would return to the studio to finish her rôle in Double or Nothing, *she would then be granted a whole week. So Martha returned to the fold. Then on the completion of the picture, she and Buddy took off for a week's trip.* But—*it developed that the studio only meant that* Martha *could have time off for a honeymoon.* Not Buddy!

Betty Furness is right up there in the front row of the *Packard Summer Show*. So it looks like Johnny Green really was the attraction—even though Charlie Butterworth used to slip her an owlish wink every once in a while. Charlie, incidentally, is being seen around town frequently with Hazel Forbes, the tooth-paste king's heiress, since he and Mrs. Butterworth decided to call it a day.

Everyone in town was looking forward t seeing Elaine Barrie's picture, *How to Un dress in Front of Your Husband*. Every one, that is, but John Barrymore. We un derstand he even tried to buy up the pictur from the producer for some $30,000. Bu the producer wouldn't sell, knowing a goo thing when he had it.

However, since all is sweetness and ligh now between Elaine and John, she has prom ised never again to undress on the screen Rumors, though, have it that Elaine sti hasn't given up her secret ambition—to b the First Strip-Tease of Television.

Al Jolson has been trying to get his spon sor to let him broadcast the show fro New York in the fall. The reason bein that Al thinks he isn't anybody in Holly wood—but he *is* on Broadway. The draw back to this set-up, however, is that it woul eliminate Martha Raye and Parkyakarku due to their picture contracts. So you' be hearing the broadcast from Hollywoo again—because the sponsors think Mouth and Parky are just as valuable to the as Al.

Jack Haley felt so extravagant, afte

ning on the dotted line with *Show Boat*, t he decided to have his Beverly Hills ne redecorated in de luxe manner. As for own bedroom, Jack decided that should super de luxe—in the Louis XIV manner, be exact. Jack tells us that, after a hard 's work at the rehearsals, he can hardly it to get home and to bed. *But* he's sleep- on a cot beside the swimming-pool, ever ce he went Louis XIV in his bedroom!

—◆—

Here's the latest and hottest news on llywood diets! It's Marlene Dietrich's n—come to light after all these years! ems La Dietrich keeps those curves in eck by living on hard-boiled eggs and nato juice three days a week. Perhaps w that tomato juice company will put rlene on the air. After all, who could gle tomato juice more glamorously?

—◆—

Though Eddie Cantor took a vacation m the mike, a *real* vacation is something hasn't heard of yet. Between working a picture at the 20th Century-Fox Stu- s and writing a book, Eddie's been the iest man in Hollywood. Since he's had uppressed yearning for over a year now take a trailer trip, he decided to have at st the vicarious experience of it by writ- his book on trailers. It's to be called *Thee Behind Me.*

—◆—

n spite of being such a success in cellu- l that she's signed right up for another ure before finishing Hurricane, *Dorothy nour is the saddest gal in town. Because 's dying to wear good-looking clothes on screen and to date has had no opportu- . For* Jungle Lover—*her next—Doro- 's snappiest numbers will again be sa-*



Allie Lowe Miles of *Husbands and Wives*, Tuesdays on *NBC.*

rongs. If you could see her on one of the Chase and Sanborn *shows, you would realize that La Lamour could certainly show up some of these screen clothes-horses. She's one of the best-dressed of the radio stars.*

—◆—

Whatever's happened between the George Olsens still remains a deep, dark secret. But at least they're staying just as far away from each other as possible. When George opened with his band at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Ethel Shutta was conspicuous by her absence. Then we heard that she was sailing from New York to Honolulu, with no Los Angeles stopover.

—◆—

As glamorous as any movie preview, and far more exciting, was the *Show Boat* preview here in Hollywood. More exciting, because watching a cast in celluloid doesn't compare with watching the real people up there on the stage. We hear that the show's sponsors have petitioned for an option on the first commercial television broadcast. Certainly *Show Boat* will be tops in television, for the lovely old-fashioned costumes make colorful and attractive scenery—to say nothing of such scenery as Nadine Conner, Virginia Verrill and Patricia Wilder.

—◆—

Watch for Universal's picture, Behind the Mike—*for Don Wilson, famous announcer, is right in there emoting. Since the genial Don weighs in some 297 pounds mikeside, you probably won't have to strain looking for him. And out on the set handsome William Gargan and Sheila Barrett had some fun the other day. Knowing Don's enthusiasm for the "seven flavors," they fixed it up with the studio commissary chef to serve him all seven—and nothing else—for lunch. Poor Mr. Wilson ordered his lunch of steak, salad, dessert and coffee—and it all came served up in* Jell-O—*even to the coffee which was the chocolate flavor. How he did it, we don't know—but Don sounded just as enthusiastic about* Jell-O *on his next broadcast.*—Lois Svensrud



HELEN:

The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:

I hate riddles!

HELEN:

Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time . . .



Glowing Gold
OR SPARKLING HENNA

You, too, can add that enviable, youthful brilliancy to your hair . . . safely and easily.

Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring by accentuating the highlights. It thoroughly cleanses both your scalp and your hair – and imparts a delightful golden sheen.



For those whose hair is darker, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo, made with pure Egyptian Henna. It takes away that drab, listless look from your hair and gives it a vibrant, alluring sparkle without changing its natural color.

10c for a package containing 2 shampoos, at all 10 cent stores.

For assured safety, always specify Nestle.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Nestle GOLDEN SHAMPOO HENNA SHAMPOO

"I LIKE SITROUX TISSUES,
because they're softer
and more absorbent"



. . . says lovely
JOYCE COMPTON
Grand National
Feature Player

Stars of stage and screen . . . beautiful women everywhere prefer Sitroux Tissues! So delicately soft, their touch is like a caress—yet so much *stronger*, they *hold together;* won't "come apart" in the hand! That's why they're so ideal for cleansing the skin. Why not care for YOUR complexion the way Joyce Compton does—with SITROUX tissues. Get a box and try them today!

10¢ AND 20¢ SIZES
IN THE BLUE-AND-GOLD BOX

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

(*Continued from page 29*)

voice has great possibilities. Music should be your career."

It was as if the words lighted the spark to a train the fates had set for the young Welsh singer. Music to be his career . . . It seemed, when you faced it squarely, the inevitable decision.

With less than five hundred dollars in his pocket, saved painfully from meager earnings, Tommy Thomas came to New York. His heart filled with hope, with great expectations, he began coaching with Oscar Seagle—who, like others who heard that rich, flawless baritone, was impressed with its power and beauty.

Then began auditions. "I think I hold the record for auditions!" Tommy laughs. "I made eighty auditions for radio, alone!"

But though all who listened nodded appreciatively and said that the voice was good, the only tangible fruits were various small and not particularly remunerative engagements. Still, he was singing—and so long as he could sing, Tommy Thomas could not be wholly unhappy.

He sang in opera in English at the Hippodrome. He sang, substituting for a friend, for eight weeks, in the chorus of *Show Boat*—his first radio engagement—when Frank McIntyre was captain of the tune ship. He sang in the chorus of the *Esso Gasoline* show, and there met Nathaniel Shilkret, who invited him to make some recordings. Between times he sang at churches in New York and its suburbs. There were concerts, at which he sang Escamilio's songs from *Carmen* and those of Valentine, from *Faust*. At Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Ernest Schelling, he sang in Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Snow Maiden*. In New Hampshire he sang *Cavalleria Rusticana* with a summer opera company. So two years passed.

"It was all good training," Tommy smiles whimsically, "but not very profitable financially!"

Despite his earnings, the small nest egg dwindled alarmingly. At moments discouragement haunted the dark hours. Should he confess himself beaten? Go back to Scranton and ask for his job again? No—never! He tightened his belt and sought another audition.

And now Nelson Eddy was singing a concert in New York. He had told Thomas to look him up when he came to town, to let him know if he could help him in any way.

Tommy sent Eddy a note, through his concert manager, and Eddy replied with two tickets for his concert. After the concert, Tommy went backstage to talk with him. Eddy was glad to renew the acquaintance begun in Scranton. He asked how the boy was doing, repeated his offer of help.

But young Thomas couldn't bring himself to tell Nelson Eddy how grim the days were growing, how hopeless seemed the quest for a career in music. "He was working so hard, himself," Tommy explains, "with his movies, his concerts—I couldn't ask him to think about me!"

But about this time he met a man who had been Dennis King's manager—a musician, who felt that the voice of Thomas L. Thomas "had everything." This man, who still is friend, adviser and manager to the young singer, renewed the boy's waning faith in himself. Prompted him to more auditions. Which also bore little fruit!

"Am I wrong?" this man asked a friend one day. "Am I slipping? Hasn't he got it?"

And the friend said stoutly: "He *has* got it! But it takes time . . . Some day you can say: 'I told you so!'"

Tommy sang on Al Pearce's program that winter—his third in New York, and on the Ted Hammerstein show. He tried for the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions*. They gave him a hearing—but the season closed and he was not called.

Finances now were at a low ebb. "Then," says Tommy, "my brother came to town. He got a church job, which kept us going for a while. And I did some more recording."

Tommy's brother, Elwyn, uses the name "David Elwyn"—not wishing to complicate Tommy's career by being another singing Thomas.

"There are so many Thomases," says Tommy. "Everybody has asked me to change my name . . . Bonelli, of the Met, advised it. *Show Boat* suggested it. But my family wanted me to keep it—and I felt I had nothing to lose, so I might as well keep on trying as Tommy Thomas.

Through a young composer, with whom he roomed in the Village, Tommy met John Charles Thomas, who, listening to the boy sing, said: "Why haven't I heard of you before?" His enthusiasm warmed the boy's heart.

"But," says Tommy, "by that time the bank book showed twenty-nine dollars and sixty-one cents—and I owed a board bill of fifty dollars. That was last January . .

He showed me the date in his bank book, with its slim entry. The figures since then tell a different story!

One day he talked things over with the friend who had been Dennis King's manager. They were sitting in the little room for which he owed more than he had in the world. In a corner stood his trunk—an old, square box his mother had brought from Wales. On it, in big letters, were the initials *M.E.T.*

The older man gazed thoughtfully at the staring initials. "The *Met!*" he murmured.

Tommy laughed. "Those are my mother's initials—Mary Esther Thomas. I painted them on the trunk, myself, when we were leaving for America. I thought I did a pretty good job!"

"You have done a good job!" his friend said confidently. *"And you'll sing at the Met!"*

"I can't ask for another audition then," Tommy demurred. "They've heard me and—"

And then the telephone rang.

It was the secretary for the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air* calling

They were, she said, making up their lists for the new season. She remembered Thomas L. Thomas. Asked him to come over to the opera house.

So Tommy Thomas sang for the *Met Auditions*—and presently he was chosen to compete in the finals, which would select the winner of the coveted Metropolitan Opera contract.

When the day of the finals dawned, Tommy was dismayed to learn that he must be formally dressed—must wear a cutaway. He didn't own one—and he had only five dollars in the world! Occasionally, when he sang in concerts, he had rented a dress suit. So he hied him to the rental establishment and paid four dollars for a cutaway. He took it over to his friend's apartment. "How do I look?" he asked anxiously, slipping it on.

The good man groaned. "You look like an undertaker! You can't wear *that!*"

The coat, Tommy explains, grinning, had wide braid on its lapels. He didn't know such braid wasn't being worn by the well-dressed man! Dismayed, he hurried back to the clothes renting emporium. Timidly he asked if he could have his four dollars back. He couldn't! They were quite firm about that. If he couldn't wear the coat, it was *his* hard luck!

Back went Tommy to his friend. "What can we do?" he mourned. "I'll *have* to wear it!"

His friend shook his head—and went to call on Dennis King, popular stage and screen actor, who recently had returned from London. He told Dennis about Tommy's dilemma. Dennis, who had met Tommy and greatly admired his voice, was all sympathy.

"He can wear my suit," said Dennis generously. "I had it made in London, last fall. It's all right—if it fits him."

"It fitted me like a glove!" Tommy recalls happily. "You can't think how grand I felt in it, standing up before all those people. It wasn't mine—but nobody knew it! I knew I looked all right—so I could forget everything but the song."

And so he sang. And he won the final contest and the award of a contract with the Met. And that wasn't all. Someone came up to him presently and bestowed upon him a bronze plaque—and an envelope. In the envelope was a check.

When he had a chance, Tommy stole a glance at it. It might, he thought hopefully, be for fifty dollars. It was a check for a thousand dollars!

Tommy Thomas grew pale. He nearly fainted. What happened afterward passed like a glittering dream. There was a party at The Rainbow Room. There were congratulations. There were radio representatives from the three major networks, urging him to sign with them. There were movie representatives, chattering of contracts.

"I've got to go for a walk—by myself," said Tommy, chokily, to his friend and adviser. And he stole away—and went to a movie! What the movie was, he doesn't remember!

After that Tommy sang with Jessica Dragonette in *Rio Rita*, on the *Palmolive Beauty Box* program. He sang again on *Show Boat*—this time as guest artist. Then, with Miss Dragonette again, he sang in *My Maryland*, *Blossom Time* and *Lady in Ermine*—in the last named, sub-

a word to the wise from Bruce Cabot



Bruce Cabot—don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"





EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR "LIP APPEAL" HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG

The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl's most precious aid to loveliness.

Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . 50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry) Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades

Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.



Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



You don't have to touch a toilet with your hands. No scrubbing. No scouring when you use Sani-Flush. This odorless powder does the job as nothing else can. It is made scientifically to clean toilets.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush the toilet and the job is done. Spots and stains are removed instantly. The porcelain sparkles like new. The hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can clean is purified and safe. Odors are killed. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

GRAY HAIR? Correct it with PATRICIAN TINTBEST. Leaves hair soft, lustrous and natural looking. Easy to use, no experience required. Unaffected by washing or permanent waving. Send for FREE sample. State color of hair.

PATRICIAN LABORATORIES, LTD.
Dept. M.M., 17 East 48th St., New York



SWEEPERS RUN EASIER

There's nothing like a few drops of 3-In-One Oil to pep up sluggish sweepers, washing machines, sewing machines, children's toys, electrical appliances, etc. It is pure and free of gum. Specially blended for "triple action," it cleans, oils and stops rust.

3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES • CLEANS • PREVENTS RUST



Photo by Edward H. Rehnquist

Success is so new, so dazzling, Tommy Thomas can't quite believe it is real!

stituting for Charles Kullman, who was ill. Then came his third *Show Boat* engagement, this time with a contract which took him out to the Coast, to sing in the new *Show Boat* series.

In April, shortly after winning the Met award, Tommy made a visit home, taking his friend and manager with him. As they drew into the Scranton station they heard a band playing.

"Wonder what's up?" said Tommy Thomas. "Must be a parade."

There were thousands of people massed in and about the station. As Tommy came out on the car platform, arms reached for him. Before he knew what was happening, he was perched precariously atop swaying shoulders, marched through the throng to wild huzzas and cheers and wilder music.

"It's the greatest thrill I ever have known!" says Tommy, with a little catch in his voice. "There'll never be another like it!"

When he made his début at the Met, on last May 15th, singing the rôle of Silvio in *Pagliacci,* twelve hundred citizens of Scranton were in the audience. Afterwards they held a great reception for him.

"Just before curtain time," Tommy relates, "I received a gigantic horseshoe of flowers, from the boys in my class at school. I had such a lump in my throat, I thought I never could sing!"

But sing he did, and triumphantly. And once again movie contracts were waved temptingly. But Tommy Thomas is wary of signing his name to one, as yet. After he has been on the Coast for a while, and had a chance to get acquainted, he may consider one. He wants to make it wholly successful, when he does undertake movies. And he believes that the movies will do more and more with fine music and opera.

He's not married—this slim, shy, earnest lad, with smiling gray-blue eyes and a sensitive face. He likes girls, but—as you can gather from this story—he hasn't had time to enjoy much of their society. Besides, before he considers taking on the responsibilities of marriage, he wants to be sure that he has won security in his chosen career. It's all so new, so dazzling, now—he can't quite believe it's real.

For recreation he likes to ride and swim. He likes to go to the movies and is a devotee of baseball games and boxing matches on the radio. This spring, for the first time, he saw a major league baseball game, and also a boxing match. He used to play baseball on the sandlot in Scranton, and for him it is the greatest of sports.

He doesn't drink or smoke. "But that's no credit to me," he insists. "Nobody ever did, in our family. I just never had any desire to do either."

He sings all types of music—opera, ballads, blues, classics and popular songs—and loves them all. And does them all tremendously well, too—which is rather unique, as, usually, a singer excels in one field but is not at home in another type of music.

The double names, like Thomas Thomas, are quite common among the Welsh. Such as Evan Evans, William Williams, Griffith Griffiths, for example. Tommy's middle name is *Llyfnwy.* In case you're not Welsh, you might just as well not try to pronounce it. But if you must—just take a stance and slide up to the *F,* bumping into it with a sort of *ugh*—and end with *nui!* It sounds a little like the song of the Volga boatmen!

Anyway, it's the name of a lad who is going places! Those who now are in a position to say: "I told you so!" will contend that it one day will be as famous in music as Enrico Caruso—as famous in movies as Nelson Eddy—this Thomas Llyfnwy Thomas.

They would, I rather imagine, give you a thousand to a sixpence on it!

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION

(Continued from page 13)

people like Amos and Andy, Graham McNamee, Vaughn De Leath, Nat Shilkret, Milton Cross, Jessica Dragonette and other true pioneers, who were in radio long before I was, feel that their efforts (which in themselves had resulted in Radio City) had meant something. However, it may not have been within his power to have done this. He *was* a great showman and I can only feel no good will come to him who would strike Roxy's name from the theatre he built.

How They Originated: The word "Wop" unquestionably came from the Italian word "Guapo", *meaning "a bright, young and capable Italian," Americans, saying the aforementioned "Guapo", being too lazy to pronounce it, prefer to say, instead, "Wop". "Vamoose", which Westerners use for "get out" could only come from having heard the Mexicans and Spaniards using the word "Vamos", meaning "let us go".*

Medals to Paul de Kruif and Don Daugherty for their courageous and effective attempts to wake up, not only the medical profession, but also the public itself, to the fact that there is need and room for much improvement in the treatment of patients and the profession itself. Not that human nature will change or that knavery will ever disappear, but we may at least hope for a gradual improvement in medical treatment, physicians and hospitalization in general.

If you have read Mr. Daugherty's account of the misfortunes he suffered at the hands of incompetent, vicious and heartless medical men, it must, as it did in my case, make your blood boil and I hope that the men he mentioned are sufficiently embarrassed by his disclosures of their cruel treatment. To blame these men is only to blame human nature. This much I have observed: *that with monotonous repetition and routine, come callousness, carelessness, cruel disregard for the finer things and eventual discourtesy.*

In the case of any degree of power and no fear of reproof from superiors, there always comes—especially if the individual is not possessed of culture and breeding—a sneering, callous, almost hostile disregard for the rights of others. I am, in most of such situations, an extremely patient man, but when I see these flagrant and uncalled-for exhibitions on the part of public servants (or others who are supposed to be rendering public service) I generally find it a distinct pleasure to out-shout, out-temper them and put them in their places. The worst offenders are those whose daily tasks consist of the supervision of the filling out of blanks, the direction of humanity and the completion of an appointed task required by governmental, state or municipal decree. These, most of all, deserve the most censure. The hard-boiled traffic cop has been burlesqued too often for us not to realize that he is a reality.



MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

†*functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Millions of baby feet are RUINED in early years because mother buys expensive shoes, *and then lets baby wear them too long.* Most babies *outgrow* shoes long before they are worn out. Short, tight outgrown shoes twist and warp the soft, delicate bones forever out of shape.

It's better to buy *Wee Walker* Shoes, and change to new ones often. They're inexpensive, yet have every feature a baby needs. Made over live-model lasts (an exclusive Wee Walker feature) they are correctly proportioned, full-sized, roomy shoes that give real barefoot freedom. They are good-looking, made of soft, pliable leather you can be proud of. They cost so little because of manufacturing economies, and because *sold in stores with very low selling cost.* Look for them in the Infants' Wear Department of the following stores:

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co. H. L. Green Co., Inc. McLellan Stores G. R. Kinney Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck & Co. Charles Stores Schulte-United Stores



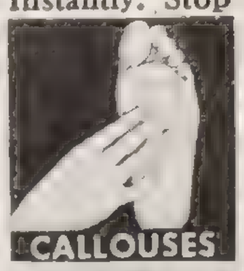


Stops Pain INSTANTLY!

Be careful! The feet are easily infected. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be SAFE. These soothing, thin, dainty, softly cushioned pads are medically safe and sure. End pain instantly. Stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, when used with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Also made with THICK soft felt for cases requiring more protection. If you need this kind be sure and ask for Dr. Scholl's THICK Zino-pads. Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.





Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

I have waited on hundreds, nay thousands, of customers behind the counter and the fountain of a drugstore, where the tasks seemed never-ending—from the opening of big wooden boxes to the chopping of endless pails of fine ice, to the selling of postage stamps or the packing of gallons of ice cream for distant delivery, and I know that routine tasks can try the patience of a Job. But I do say that the impatient individual, who must have variation in his tasks and who cannot stand monotonous repetition, should—if he finds his nerves becoming frazzled and his sense of fairness and courtesy leaving him—resign that job and dig ditches or go on relief, rather than make life miserable for other people.

Ever watch the fellow whose job it is to put cherries on grape-fruit in a banquet kitchen? By the time he gets to the thousandth cherry and grape-fruit, it matters little to him whether the cherry has a worm in it or no. For him *it is the thousandth cherry* and repetition cannot help but dull the sense that makes for appreciation of a task well done. But to the man who eats the grape-fruit with the cherry on it—that is *his* first and *only* one!

Only those of you who have been fortunate enough to travel and to know the courtesy, gentility and the kind attitude of the British policeman or "Bobby", can really appreciate what I am discussing. The Bobby is probably less well paid than our American officers of the law. The Bobby also wears a heavy woolen uniform, even on the warmest of days, and he meets fog for two months of the year. His lot (The Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have something to say about the British policeman's lot) is a difficult one and he hasn't the benefit of the modern training our police enjoy. And while you may be the twentieth person in as many minutes who has pestered him for information, and while you may be the poorest American traveler off from a cattle boat or J. P. off from the Corsair, *you will receive only the most courteous and friendly treatment.*

Only through the vivid style of a Paul de Kruif or a Don Daughterty may some of our public medicos and other public officials be brought to a shame-faced realization that everyone—big or little, poor or rich—should be accorded patient and careful treatment. We may never realize this ideal, but it's not too much to aim for.

An English music publisher informed me that he had received a song from an American music publisher. The American had written: "This song will be a tremendous hit if there is another war. Please publish it." The Englishman wrote back: "You start a little war and I'll publish it!"

And speaking of the English and England, I am reminded of the number of people who have asked me, since our return from there, about the differences between the English methods of broadcasting and ours.

Obviously there are many. In England, for instance, the taxpayer pays to his government, i.e., to his elected officials, a tax on his radio set, and the resultant accumulation of millions of pounds is disbursed to those who make the radio programs. In other words, English broadcasting is government-controlled. The government builds the studios, engages the executives (who are government officials) and everything is supervised by them.

Government officials always have leaned towards the educational rather than the wholly-entertaining type of program. Therefore entertainment, simply as entertainment, gets the short end in England. Although there are variety and vaudeville programs in which whole shows are broadcast from a stage before an audience and there are programs featuring dance bands, still the entertainment side of their broadcasts is extremely restricted.

In the United States almost any hour-long radio show that is broadcast over a network costs roughly between $15,000 and $20,000 per broadcast. This cost is borne by the sponsor whose product is advertised throughout the program. But there is nothing like this in England. Not that there are not large companies over there, with advertising budgets large enough to permit such expenditures, but there exists a governmental decree that there shall be no advertising on radio programs. So, those of you who are annoyed when your program is interrupted by the mention of the sponsor's product, would be delighted to find that there is none of this in British radio. But, conversely, there are no spectacular, lavishly produced, star-studded programs such as is your customary fare here in America. No Hollywood hotel, *no* Show Boat, *no* Chase and Sanborn Hour.

However, the English have found a way to get around this. Programs are recorded on disks or films in the English recording studios or elsewhere and shipped to Luxemburg, and then broadcast to England, with the result that a great many Britishers tune in on this, especially of a Sunday. Yet, I am told on good authority, that these programs do not measure up to what is customary here in the United States.

There is a growing demand on the part of the English radio listener for a change in government policy with a view toward advertising on the radio. Whether with the advent of perfected television over there (where it is far ahead of ours) will come a fundamental change, I am not competent to state. But that English radio listeners would like more entertainment and less education seems unquestionable from conversations I have had with people. Since their radio is government-controlled and since the government has no superior to which it must bow, it becomes in essence a monopoly which has no competition to force the broadcaster to vie with others to hold the listeners' attention.

Here's a twist that occurred to me only recently. Our American government adjures the station to which it grants a license that it must perform a public service by keeping its channels filled every minute and second with what is supposedly entertaining—in other words—there must be something broadcast continually, as long as the station is operating. The injunction, more than any other, is responsible for much of the tripe that one hears over American stations at odd times. The mad, feverish scramble to produce something, *so that the station will not lose its license*

y failing to broadcast continuously roughout twelve or twenty-four hours f the day!

The same placid and leisurely qualities at make the English customs and life so greeable in which to live also govern eir ideas of broadcasting, along the nes of which I spoke above. It is not t all uncommon for English radio stations "knock-off" for a period and either oadcast nothing or practically to admit the listener that at the moment the ation has nothing worthwhile to broadst. In fact, a friend told me of a small ation in which the announcer says: "Our ys are going out to tea and we are go- g to put on some phonograph records r you." That, to me, is the height of eezy informality.

The *BBC* (British Broadcasting Corration) itself has a custom that is dehtful. At certain times they turn on a icrophone in a tower where there is noth- g but a clock with very loud ticks. This ck has been humorously referred to as he ghost in galoshes," and when the BC has nothing worthwhile to broadcast, nglish radio listeners are treated to thing but a series of ticks for a period of veral minutes or even longer. That, of rse, in the eyes of American broadsters, is heresy and treason and would or an American program director—but like the idea, and the American theory t it is an unpardonable sin to have a ge wait of a few seconds or a minute on nerican air waves is one with which I ve no sympathy whatsoever. Of course, h our mad competition of stations, spon-



Orchestra leader Ray Noble, who is also an actor with Burns and Allen.

sors and advertisers, one must give some credence to the theory that the listener immediately goes to another station when the one to which he is listening has a mediocre program on, or if there occurs a stage wait or a defect in transmission.

It is unfortunate that our American listeners have not been educated to stage waits, (air waits in broadcasting) or moments on the air when there is nothing but a relaxing pause. The American listener is very much spoiled in this respect. Being a believer in Stoicism and practicing self-denial, I think it would do the American radio listener no harm if he were less pampered and occasionally forced to listen to something which did not pass on the more superficial tastes.

However, as long as sponsor, advertiser and station competition remain at the peak at which we find them today, the slightest wish of any majority or even minority of American radio listeners will continue to be a command and the listener who receives so much for so little will continue to feel like a king and dictate his likes and dislikes. Much, after all, may be said for government-controlled radio.

I like that description from *Reader's Digest*—"A look of infinite absorption, bordering on coma."

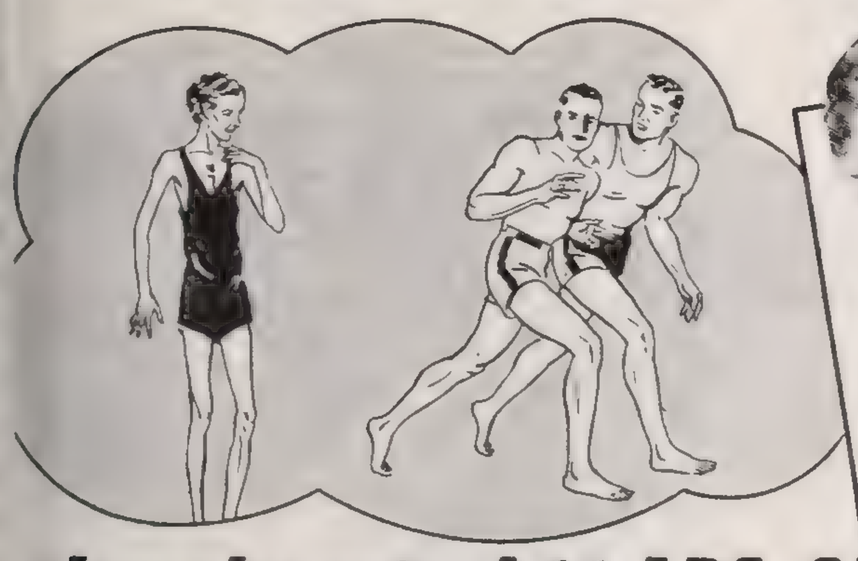
To those of you who love Chinese dishes, especially that celestial culinary concoction, chow-mein, may your correspondent recommend in Boston and now in New York, Rubey-Foo's Den? Deep down in my heart, though, I really have a preference for Mr. Arnold Reuben's conception of chow-mein called "chicken-reubenola."

It has been my favorite dish at his delightful restaurant for years and will probably continue to be—yet it is surprising how few of the people who can afford food of this quality know that the famous *restaurateur* has evolved in "chicken-reubenola" one of the most delicious and unusual chow-mein delicacies that has ever been sneaked past an agreeably surprised pair of tonsils.

And herewith a leave-taking until our rendezvous on the news-stands next month

—au revoir!

THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!





Ella Craig "When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you and you never have a date. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."
—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

Posed by professional models



...then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity

ew IRONIZED YEAST tablets give thousands 10 to 25 lbs. —in a few weeks!

HOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before ve recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, turally attractive flesh, glorious new pep d popularity—*in just a few weeks!*

They've taken this new, scientific formula, onized Yeast, which although developed d perfected at the cost of many thousands dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets ich cost you only a few cents a day!

Why it builds up so quick

lentists have discovered that hosts of peoare thin and rundown simply because ey do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitan B) and iron in their daily food. One of richest sources of marvelous healthilding Vitamin B is the special yeast used making English ale, world-renowned for medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after g research, the vitamins from this imported English yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

SOS

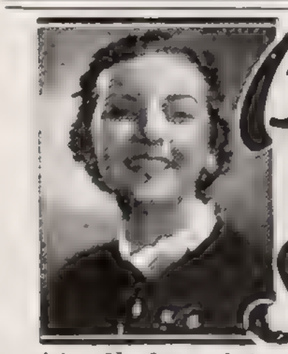
Distress Cry of American Women

Save Our Stockings!!

- RUN-R-STOP to the rescue!
- In the BLACK & RED Purse Vanity.
- Designed to protect tube in purse.
- 10 cent tube stops 50 runs or snags.
- Stops runs permanently. Won't wash out.
- Save Embarrassment—and Stockings!
- Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping (as advertised therein). Ask for it today at all Chain, Department and Shoe Stores.

RUN-R-STOP

Camille, Inc., 49 E. 21st St., New York



Bad days

Reduce the pain
Save your nerves

Salicon TABLETS

At all druggists or send for free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., 76 Jamaica Plain, Mass.



Won't you try this Wonderful Facial Brush?

● Such a brush! You'll be amazed at the way its 250 flexible "finger tips" work your facial cream into the pores — how magically it cleanses and wakes up the skin. A delightful massage, and no messy fingers either.

You don't have to shop for this grand little brush — it's now packed with every bowl of Sevilo Cream — that fine old formula, blended with pure olive oil. Remember: Sevilo Cream does triple duty—cleanses, massages, serves as powder base. The dainty opal bowl holds enough cream for 15 to 20 facials. That's economy.

Ask for this combination at the better 5c and 10c stores, or mail 25c direct to

LEON SEVILO, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Brush and Cream Complete 25c

Sevilo OLIVE OIL *Cream*

TWO UNDER AN UMBRELLA

(*Continued from page 21*)

rather be actors than the lawyers their parents wanted them to be. So they started off on their own and rode the freights to get to New York and once, by accident, they picked a mail train and were a little surprised when railroad detectives thought they were mail robbers and sent a series of bullets after them! After that, they found their way along country roads, sleeping in barns and living on berries and stolen chickens, until they reached the city.

At first their vaudeville act was a flop. Then they surprised even themselves and began going over big. Next, Don had gone into a musical comedy and now here he was in radio, looking for a new world to conquer.

And after that it wasn't hard for Jane to tell him about her family, too, and about her mother, a musician who had played the piano for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and how she, herself, had worked her way through the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, paying for her academic musical background by singing popular songs. And how she'd wanted to be a newspaper woman—she'd gone to college and taken a course in journalism—but couldn't persuade an editor to give her a job, so she had gamely started all over again on a different career. After all, everyone knew she could sing!

"Gosh, what a swell kid!" Don thought. "That's the kind of girl I could go for. Never could stand the sort of girl who just leaned back and let her family do things for her."

"I could tell, just by looking at you, that you were like that," he said at last. "Swell and capable and on your own." And the lie should have stuck in his throat, but it didn't. After all, how could a fellow know a girl as pretty as Jane was such a thoroughbred, as well?

And he knew, then, that midnight wasn't black. It was blue. Because it was the color of her eyes, darker than any blue eyes he ever had seen or hoped to see.

After that evening, there wasn't anyone else for either of them but just the other. From then on they saw each other every evening.

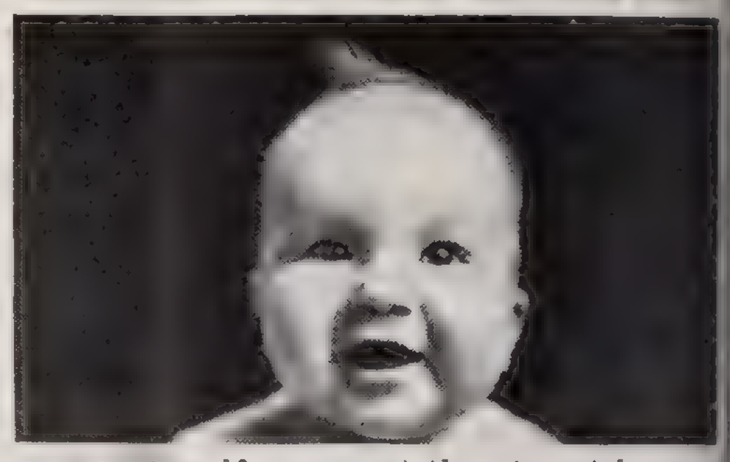
"She made me do an awful lot of courting, though." Don smiled as he leaned back on the sofa in their New York apartment and stretched his long legs. "She was out to prove she was hard to get!"

"I wasn't at all!" Jane looked up indignantly from the blue sweater she was knitting. "I just wanted to be sure, that's all. I'm a one-marriage gal, in case you don't know it, Mister."

"And that's swell with me, for that's how I am, too," Don Ross agreed, and then he laughed again. "Every time I thought I was making headway, I'd sneak her down to Lexington, Kentucky, and march her right up to the courthouse steps and then, right in sight of the license, she'd back out and I knew I'd have to

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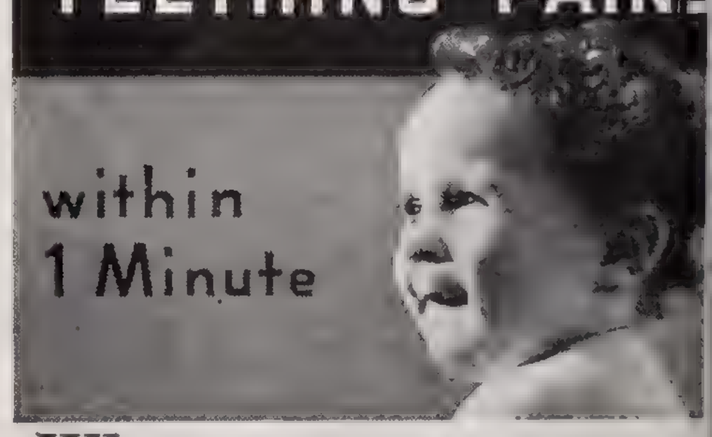
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Radio's Tony Martin with Leah Ray in *Sing and Be Happy.*

urt all over again!"
"But one day my luck held and I got r inside—and she was Mrs. Ross before e came out again!"
Apart from each other, they'd had all e usual knocks and hard luck a boy and girl have, trying to get a foothold on eir careers, but together they had none.
"We've always been terribly lucky," ne said. "But we never waited for the eaks to come. We always made our n."
Shortly after they were married Don cided that they were so happy and con-nted, they were in a fair way of getting emselves into a rut. They weren't mak-g big money but they were making ough to get along and money didn't seem y important, just then. It was enough t to be together and in love, and find-g out what fun marriage can be when o people think alike and adore each other ve anyone else in the world.
t was such a temptation, just to go ng in that happy pattern, that Don de-ed he'd be a softie and never get any-ere unless he took the jump. So he nt on to Chicago, and the second day he s there he landed a job. Then Paul hiteman, who had heard Jane's broad-ts, invited her to come to Chicago for audition. Jane hastened on. Don met at the station. Then, as they were ving their hotel for Jane's audition, she l and broke her ankle!
Don's eyes were shining with pride in as he told about it.
"She wouldn't even have a doctor. So icked her up and carried her to a cab l her face was white but there wasn't a imper out of her. She had to sit on a h stool as she sang for Whiteman but got the job. And for months after t she went to the studio on crutches for broadcast."
For six months Jane sang with the hiteman band. Then *NBC* gave her a d and a program of her own, and she eloped into a network star.
They were getting up in the world, but t wasn't enough for Jane and Don. ey saved until they had enough to pay ir expenses to New York, with one ndred and fifty dollars besides, to tide m over. That's how they landed in w York—with one hundred and fifty lars and that particular kind of cour-that's always been theirs. And of rse they made good. Courage like that

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A blithe bevy of beauties—if four may be said to be a bevy—out for a stroll. Left to right: Zarova, *NBC* soprano, of the *California Concert*, Mary Ellen Herrick, Phoebe Clark and Nancy Coleman, *NBC* actresses.

always does come through. *Chesterfield* starred Jane in their *CBS* series, and Don broadcast on other programs on competing networks. Later they were co-featured in the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1934*. Then, briefly, they deserted New York for Hollywood, where Jane appeared in *Stars Over Broadway*, and Don made several pictures. Then they returned to New York and radio.

Listening to Jane singing blues songs became a must for every radio fan, and her Crossley rating was going up at a dizzying speed and last year Don sang again in the *Follies*.

When Don heard that the *Jell-O* people were looking for a show to take the place of Jack Benny's program for the summer, he decided he might as well try his hand at writing, too. So he wrote a show that was auditioned, along with one hundred and forty others, and his was chosen.

Since the old days in Cincinnati, Jane and Don never had worked together in radio, but now he asked Jane if she would sing in his show.

"Might as well keep the money in the family, Mom," he suggested.

But in the family or no, Don was loyal to those Scotch ancestors of his when it came to making up her contract.

"What's the scale wage for blues singers?" he asked one of the studio officials, and couldn't see why Jane, who never has been paid scale prices in all her career, should think it was so funny. But Jane laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

This spring the young Rosses moved into their first real home, a penthouse in midtown New York, with a sweep of terraces around them that makes them the envy of their friends. There's one filled with flower-boxes and shrubs and trees just beyond their living-room and another huge one in the back, that holds a badminton court on one side and an outdoor dining-room on the other. Don came home with a grill tucked under his arm, the other night, so steaks cooked over charcoal are going to take the star spot on their menus.

And their living-room is as gay and young and modern as the young Rosses themselves. White walls and red and blue linen-upholstered chairs and sofas that would lift anybody's spirits, just to look at them.

"We've always had furnished places before," Jane said. "And they looked it, too. You know that depressing way furnished places are always got together. They were always in brown or a deadly taupe color and the furniture was always plush or mohair. That's why we wanted everything bright and gay and new and clean. We got a terrific kick, planning this place and buying things for it. It was almost like starting over again."

Somehow, you have the conviction that the young Rosses will always be starting all over again, that they'll never allow their happiness or themselves or their lives to grow stale and commonplace.

It's that quality both of them have, that courage and eagerness and desire to know and to have everything that's worth while in life. Jane says it's luck that's carried them along, and maybe she's right, at that. Luck to have been born with all those other qualities that make them as grand a young couple as ever found romance in the air—or under an umbrella!

ONE OF THE ROVING DICKENSONS

(*Continued from page 37*)

The Dickensons are Americans. Originally they were Canadians, but Father Dickenson became naturalized and Mother Dickenson automatically followed suit, as did Jean—only Gilly remained unperturbably Scotch. They all speak English, French (Parisian-French—she ruffled at the suggestion of Canadian-French) and Hindustani, the language of India, a tongue that sounds like the babbling of children.

"I learned my nursery rhymes in Hindustani. '*Neeni, neeni*'," she began and stopped. "India is a fascinating country! We were located in an out-of-the-way place, where Father's company was tapping a vein. As a wee child I was greatly taken with the jar-carrying women who worked in the mines and who walked home past the compound (garden) where I played with dolls and my Teddy-bear under the watchful eye of my *ayah* (nurse). One evening, toward sunset, my Teddy-bear and I were leaning over the wall when a group of the women went by. I called the Teddy-bear's attention to them and they looked up. It was strange enough for them to see a white child, let alone a child with a fearful bear in its arms—a white witch-child! When I growled, pretending that it was Teddy, they dropped their jars and fled incontinently. For some reason they never went by our compound again!

"Then we had a boy working for us as a gardener—actually we had a dozen servants, everyone does there. For three or four rupees a day this boy tended the garden, managing meanwhile to extract daily sums from Mother for seeds and essentials. That was all right, except for the fact that *nothing* grew! One night Mother spoke to him about it and, lo and behold, the next morning saw the place fairly alive with vegetables! It wasn't Oriental magic, he'd probably stolen them from a dozen neighboring gardens, but it wasn't ours to question why—so Mother went ahead and invited a small army of friends over to dinner to enjoy the fresh-grown things.

"Now it's customary for white people, in India, to bring their own linen, glassware and even servants, but the host provides the food! We had no worries about that item, as a look out of the window told of a vast expanse of growing things, but we hadn't counted on the Indian-servant nature. For our boy vanished—and with him went the *entire* garden! And, do you know, *they* don't feel that they're dishonest—it's all in the point of view, I guess!"

The room we were sitting in was lavishly decorated with Indian daggers, formerly used by ferocious *Gurkhas,* lamps in the shapes of twining cobras, exotically-patterned, deep-pile rugs, really good still-life paintings by Dickenson Père, beaten-brass cigarette boxes—all of them brought by the Dickensons themselves.

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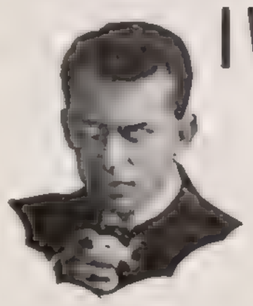
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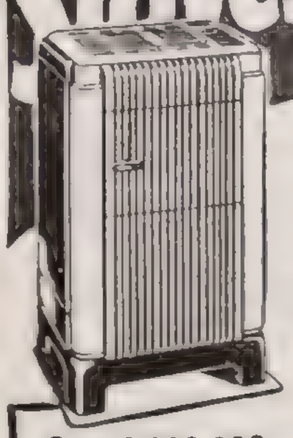
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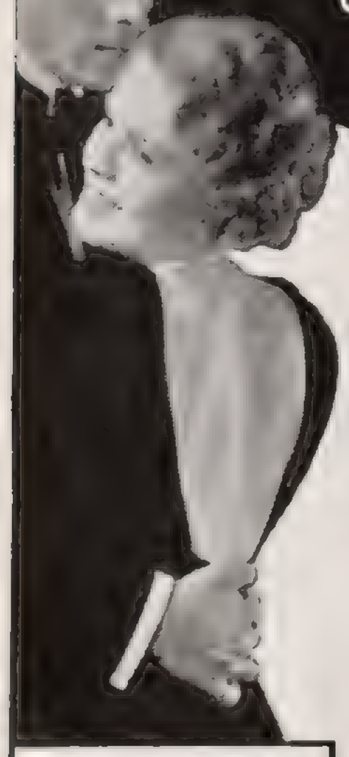
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But to get back to the story. Jean's father shipped her and her mother on ahead to London, after the War, in a cattle boat, the only means of transportation available to anyone not definitely British. En route they ran into a typhoon, a rip-twisting fellow that caused the boat to drift for ten days, so that, all in all, their trip took them some three weeks—three weeks of extremely bovine surroundings.

In London they discovered that their draft for a thousand pounds on a newly-established Indian bank wasn't going to do them much good—the English banking gentlemen (she said she couldn't remember exactly what they looked like but she always thought of them as two George Arlisses in tail coats and monocles) hadn't heard of the bank but they would—ah—look into it—ah—yes—definitely.

So, in the interim, the family jewels made regular trips to the shops fronted by three gold balls, and a somewhat frightened woman and an excited but not at all frightened little girl made out as best they could until cables had established bank credit. Then Mother Dickenson dashed to Paris and furiously bought clothes and presents for all, saving out merely enough for first-class passage to the States.

"I finally got to go to grammar school here in New York," Jean said, "but, to show you just how strong the nomadic-mining influence was in me, I banged around in the tiny garden back of our New York house with a hammer, searching for a vein! Grammar school was *all* I got here, though, because the telephone rang one day and the next thing I knew we were on a train, bound for San Francisco and, for me, high school. We should have known better, I admit, but the fact remains that we bought a quaint house on a peninsula. For days—about twenty-eight to be exact—we labored with turf, flagstones and flowers and on the twenty-ninth the telephone rang—we moved to another part of the state the day after.

"After a few years there, we moved (yes, the telephone rang again) to Denver, where they let me tackle a bit of higher education."

"You had some idea of becoming another *Portia*, I hear?" I broke in.

"Yes," she chuckled involuntarily; "I leaned toward the law, because I had had a bit of success at winning debates. One mean prof suggested that I flirted with the judges, but I discounted that; at any rate, don't lawyers work on the jury with all legitimate means?

"But it was there, in Denver, that I decided that I wanted very much to sing, instead. I had been playing the piano for some time and singing to my own playing, and eventually this gave me that idea." (Gilly woke up, muttered something, probably a salty oath, in his whiskers and went back to the herd of giant rabbits he had on the run.) "So finally, at the Lamont School of Music, I went at it in earnest.

"During my first year I tried out in the *Atwater Kent* singing contest. Somewhat to my surprise I made the finals, but I wasn't overconfident so, after I finished my song, I started to leave. However, when a kind-looking gentleman insisted that I wait and learn the outcome, I gave in and sat on the window sill. When they told me that I'd won I nearly—literally—fell out of the window! But it encouraged me so much that I spent a very profitable year abroad with my teacher."

Then her folks, who couldn't let a telephone ring without answering it, returned to New York, but Jean refused to be swerved an inch from her goal. She stayed on, living at the school. Her pet, an over-conceited duck named *Goo-Goo*—who alternated between the choicest part of her bed and the topmost branches of a handy tree—was a first-rate music critic. So good, in fact, that he broke up a recital given by the ladies of Denver. Then, unhappy the day, she was obliged to go out of town for a spell so she left *Goo-Goo* with a friend, a certified vegetarian. The base friend, hungry, renounced his principles and thus ended *Goo-Goo's* career. Jean is certain that he would have gone far in a metropolitan music critic's chair.

So Jean spent the years between eighteen and twenty-one, developing the voice that now is clear and incredibly high. History notes that she once, in the process of *The Londonderry Air* at a Denver concert, sang the *G sharp* above *high C*, over a solo by Richard Crooks.

"During a holiday trip to New York and my folks," she continued, "I paid a visit to Mr. Andre Kostelanetz, to whom my teacher had commended me. As a result of several subsequent introductions, *NBC* gave me an audition and declared themselves willing to sign me up for a sustaining program."

Again, however, she resisted all offers, returning to Denver to finish her schooling.

"Just in case," she grinned, "my voice ever went back on me, I could earn my living by teaching."

However, she did broadcast over a Denver *NBC* station and she did a guest-appearance job on the *Palmolive Beauty Box* show, so she had had a fairish amount of experience when Miss Lily Pons heard her. Miss Pons liked her voice so well that, as one coloratura to another, she offered to sponsor her and, indeed, they were making plans to study together, when Jean's *own* phone rang. It was an offer from the Coast to play the part of *Virginia* opposite Dick Powell on the *Hollywood Hotel* show.

"Everyone advised me to accept the offer, so I left for the Coast right away, excited, as you may well guess."

Her attention was distracted, for the moment, by terrific activity on the part of Master Gilly, who had to attend to the delivery of a package. Despite the fact that the maid had no trouble at all in signing for it, Gilly must needs sniff package and deliverer. Never, says Jean, was there a more thorough-going martinet in any household!

She went on: "I liked Hollywood. Oh, I know it's the thing to come back sneering at some of the lighter aspects of the place, but I *really* enjoyed it. To show you what I mean—I swore up and down that I would never wear slacks. The very first day in Hollywood found me in 'em, and every day after that, and I loved them—I can see now why Marlene prefers them. Frances Langford? She's an absolute dear. And Dick Powell couldn't be nicer; he's exactly the same happy-go-lucky fellow he is on the screen. Let me tell you that I enjoyed every minute of my thirteen weeks there. We used to meet



Jerry Belcher, of *Our Neighbors*. Sundays, 1:30 p.m. *EDST*, heard over the *NBC-Blue* network.

the movie stars who appeared on the show as Louella Parsons' guests and I met more of them at Louella's swank parties."

She took a make-up test one day and was tremendously impressed by the expertness of the make-up men. She said as much to the girl sitting next to her.

"My," she added, "but you do have gorgeous eyelashes! I wish mine were half as long!"

"Really," answered the girl, "here, dear, I'll give you mine." And she peeled them off and passed them over!

You buy them, it seems, at the cosmetic counter in any drugstore.

The rest of Jean Dickenson's story is probably pretty well known by now. She came back to New York, where *NBC* promptly put her to sustaining. Then came a call for a prima donna for the *American Album of Familiar Music*, to sing with sweet-voiced Frank Munn, and she answered it, along with some one hundred others. She is now that prima donna.

Success hasn't gone to her head. She takes real delight in the simple, ordinary things she's always preferred, and in her dog, as you may have gathered. High heels are anathema to her, but she is weakening about red finger-nail polish. The theatre attracts her and she feels that she has some discernment where it is concerned. Naturally the opera, because she has played in *Rigoletto* and others, herself, once even in her native musical bailiwick, Denver, with Mayor Ben Stapleton and the key to the city on hand.

"I particularly enjoy doing *Carmen* and Wagner," she explained, "but, then, every lyric-light-voice does, because they're *dark purple*, you know?" She smiled.

"I did bring back a liking for curry, from India. Do I know how to make it? Of course I do. But the real secret of good curry is the rice. You must use lots of boiling water and let the rice dance in it until it's fluffy and light. There's a restaurant, I think it's *The Ceylon*, in the Forties here, where you can get curry."

"Tophole curry?" I asked, anxiously.

"Absolutely ripping curry, old thing," she assured me with a sort of Major-Grey's-Chutney look.

She has two ambitions, one of which, if there is such a thing as reincarnation (she doesn't *really* believe there is), is to return to earth in the form of a pet, preferably as a Scotty. She thinks pets have the best time—Gilly certainly does!

"Then, too," she became a trifle wistful, "I want to sing as well as I can."

NO APOLOGIES ACCEPTED



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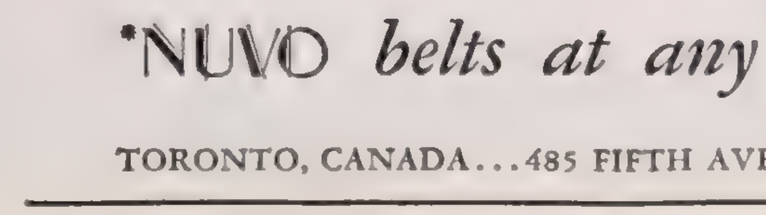
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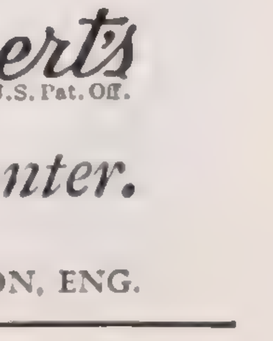


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ROMANCE AT THE MET

(*Continued from page 25*)



Universal Rhythm program, with Richard Bonelli, Alec Templeton, Frank Crumit et al, receives Radio Stars' award, from Publisher Delacorte

those meeting eyes, or overlook the fact that, whenever Pelletier conducted, Miss Bampton was in the opera house. And whenever Rose Bampton sang, Pelletier stood, as close as might be, in the wings, looking as if each note from that beloved throat were meant for him alone. As perhaps it was!

And friends recalled, after the announcements came, how Rose had helped Pelletier decorate his new apartment on Central Park South, choosing its rich, rare rugs and draperies, arranging its charming blend of modern and antique furniture in a way that was a delight to a woman, as well as to a man. Friends remembered that upon the concert grand piano in the Pelletier studio stood three portraits—one of Toscanini, one of Stokowski—and one of Rose Bampton.

And one friend tells how Rose, not long ago, asked her to go shopping with her.

"I must have a new evening gown," the young singer explained. "And it must be white—Pelly likes me in white."

And Rose, shopping feverishly, searching the city stores for a new and different penguin for Pelly—who already has an amazing collection of them. On each important occasion of his career, she gives him a penguin—large ones, small ones, penguins of wood, of ivory, of bronze, of glass. This one was to mark his début, on last April 12th, with Mme. Flagstad, in the Paramount picture, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*—in which Pelletier conducted for Flagstad in scenes from the operas, *Die Walkure* and *Tannhauser.*

Rose shopping for a handsome new dressing-gown for Pelly, and a new pair of bedroom slippers . . .

Yes, romance had come to the Met!

"I knew it first—it was the day the announcements arrived, but her letter came first!" one friend exults. "I had sent her —just because they had penguins on them —two odd little cocktail glasses. And her letter came, thanking me for them, saying: 'We glowed with pride at our penguins!' The *our* was underlined. And the letter was signed: *'Rose Pelletier.'*"

Rose is a typical American girl. Meeting her, you find her simple and modest and unassuming. There is nothing precocious about her. Nothing of the prima donna. She likes clothes, and wears them well. She likes sports—tennis and swimming, especially. In all she does, she is eager, spontaneous, enthusiastic—there is no pose of world-weariness or sophistication in this vivid, vital young girl.

She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on November 28th, twenty-six years ago. Her father is an Englishman by birth and her mother's family has been prominent through generations of American history. Rose made her début at the Met on November 28th, 1932—her twenty-first birthday, and is the youngest singer on its roster.

All of the Bampton family are musical. Rose's father and mother and her two brothers sing and play piano and violin—but Rose is the only professional among them. The Bamptons, who have met Dr. Pelletier and learned to love him, are very pleased with their daughter's marriage, and regard it as a true love match. They are a singularly united and happy family —the Bamptons—as well as a musical one, so that for Rose, quite naturally, the two fundamentals of life are music and marriage. And she gives herself to both with equal devotion.

"There can, of course, be two careers in a family," says Rose, "when there is true depth of devotion between the two people, each as passionately interested in the other's work as in his or her own."

And there seems to be, in this case, no question as to that depth of devotion, growing, as it has, through four years of richly rewarding association. Anyone who knows them can testify to Rose's passionate interest in each achievement of Dr. Pelletier's career, and what his brilliant genius and his love have done for her is no secret. It is not difficult to predict greater triumphs for each, with the coming years.

Wilfred Pelletier is of French-Canadian parentage and was born in Montreal in

96. Despite his years in America, he ll speaks with a marked French accent. "You may call it French," he laughs, ut please don't say it is Canadian-ench!"

He, too, comes of a musical family and gan to study piano, harmony and com-sition when he was only seven years d. He has had a distinguished and bril-nt career in music, both here and in rope. In this country he has conducted e Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, the n Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the icago Symphony Orchestra, as well as e orchestra at the Met and the National roadcasting orchestra. Since 1917 he has en conductor of French and Italian eras for the Metropolitan Opera. In ad-tion to this, he has coached many famous nging stars, played in concerts and music stivals, toured with the Metropolitan pera Company, and conducted its spring ason of opera. Once a week he goes to ontreal, to conduct the Montreal Sym-ony Orchestra.

To radio listeners he is well known for s work on the *Simmons, Packard* and *irestone* programs. For five years he com-sed the music used as background for e *Roses and Drums* programs. And for e past two seasons he has conducted the *etropolitan Auditions of the Air,* and dged the many young men and women eking admission to the opera ranks.

When the tall, slim, dark-eyed, dark-ired young girl from Ohio came to the et, Pelletier felt, with sudden prescience: *This is She!"* He could not help taking deep, immediate interest in Rose Bamp-n's career. He, who had coached some of the Met's most famous stars—Caruso, Farrar, Bori, Tibbett, Pons and Jeritza, among others—now gave long hours to the training of the Met's "baby star."

Rose was listed on the Met roster as a contralto. She made her débuut singing the rôle of Laura, in *La Gioconda.* It was Pelletier who discovered that her voice had soprano range and insisted that she learn soprano rôles. Last summer he accompanied her on her first trip to Europe and she sang the soprano role of *Leonora* in *Il Trovatore,* in Munich, Prague, Stockholm and Vienna. Later Pelletier arranged for her to sing it in New York.

"I was terrified at the thought of singing soprano!" Rose confesses. "I didn't believe I could do it. But he had such faith in me—"

"She is, also," Pelletier declares, "in the great tradition of *lieder* singers. She will, perhaps, be another Lotte Lehmann."

Their months abroad this summer will not be wholly given to the joys of honeymooning. For Pelletier, at least so far as the public is concerned, it will be a vacation, his first in many years. But Rose has many important European singing engagements. They will be abroad till November. During that time Rose will sing forty-three concerts, in London, Munich, Vienna and Prague. In August they will make a pilgrimage to Salzburg, to hear Toscanini, who is one of their idols.

On June 24th Rose sang in Queen's Hall, London, with the London Symphony Orchestra. The conductor for this concert was Rodzinski, who conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra here this past season. But in the wings of Queen's Hall another conductor stood listening, watching, sharing with the girl of his heart, her splendid triumph.

They whole-heartedly, unreservedly, adore each other, these two. Each is absorbed in the other's career, rejoicing in each new success, sharing, in little things and big, all that life can bring. They study together, practice together, play together, dream together. Although Wilfred Pelletier is older than his bride, theirs is no uneven mating of age and youth, no emotional alliance of master and pupil—it is, rather, a complete union, a fusion of two who, still cherishing their own and each other's individualities, achieve that unique blending that is the imperishable happy marriage.

They might, these two, perhaps, whisper to each other those lovely words of the poet, Conrad Aiken:

"Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread . . ."

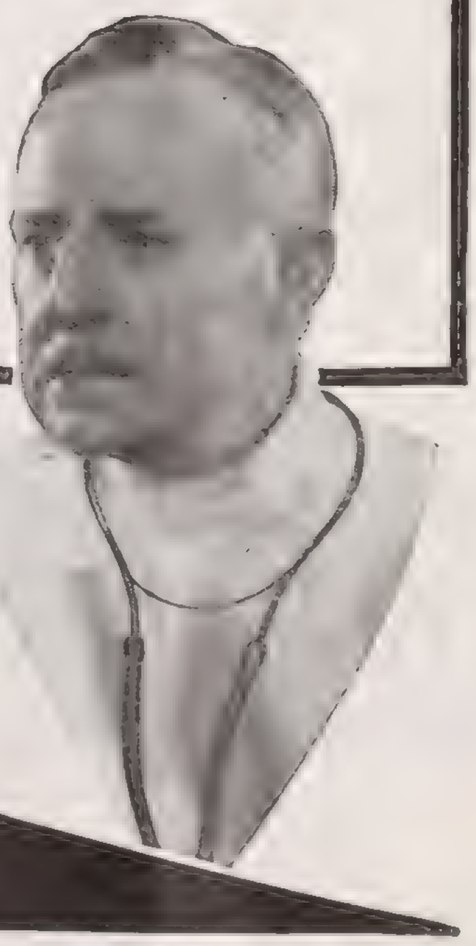
But they don't really need words. The eloquent glance of meeting eyes is enough for them. Even in their silences, they are one.

And the little minister in Elkton, Maryland who breathed a soft *"Amen"* over this couple, as they knelt before him, may well feel that on that bright spring day he officiated at a marriage of true hearts.

And the romance that began, five years ago, on the vast stage of the Met, where storied loves are poured forth in deathless song, has become, itself, a part of the music of the spheres.

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SAY DOCTORS



'Modern doctors now say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells up the bowels causing pressure on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what causes frequent bilious spells, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.



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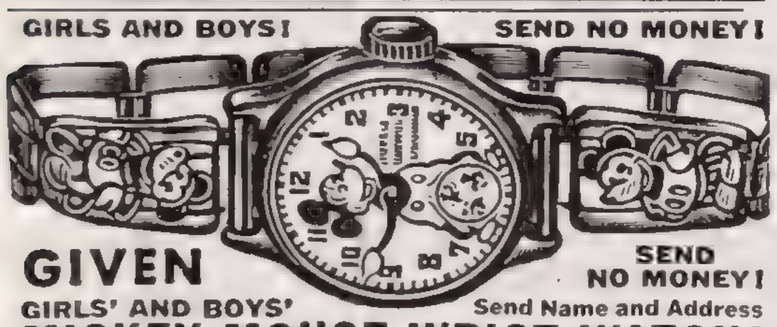
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RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 69*)



CBS bandleader, Ray Block, was born in Alsace-Lorraine but he has won great popularity here.

Myrt and Marge, etc. They all have the same reason, too.

If there's a stranger in the studio, they start watching his reaction and, first thing they know, they are unconsciously playing to him instead of to the microphone. A gag comedian can play to both studio audience and microphone but the others lose their conversational, homely touch when they try that.

This group of programs is about the only department of radio that studio audiences have been unable to invade.

More microphone habits—Tom Howard broadcasts with his hat on. Just a habit. Tom always wore a hat during his work on the stage. Bing Crosby used to wear a cap during broadcasts, but he has quit that recently.

Unless the program is very formal, John Charles Thomas likes to broadcast in shirt sleeves with his collar open. Sometimes he will toss his coat aside or rip off his necktie right in the middle of a long song. Fred Allen seems to ignore the studio audience. He is about the only comedian who doesn't help the applause with a little service as cheer leader.

Phil Baker likes to pick up the corners of his coat and do foolishly effeminate little dances during the musical parts of his program. Ben Bernie strolls around the studio, blandly flicking his cigar, while the band is playing. Jane Froman always cups her hand alongside her ear as she sings. Singers always did that in radio's early days, when studio walls were heavily padded, and Jane never got over the habit.

Major Bowes still keeps his stage in subdued lights, so the amateurs won't be frightened.

Don't be too much surprised if one of

NOW WE BOTH HAV LOVELY BLON HAIR!



New Shampoo-Rinse Safely Pr vents Light Blond Hair from Dar ening—Washes Brownish Blo Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter wit out Bleaching!

Bring back the golden glints of childhood with this f cinating new Shampoo-Rinse which, in a few minu and at the cost of but a few cents, gives ordinary d blond hair a brilliant beauty and life you never knew had. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the n shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, its g rious, new, natural radiance. This amazing Shampoo a Rinse (both in the same package)—called New Blon —hitherto used only for blondes is just as effective w browns, chestnuts and "near blondes", whose hair l grown dull, dingy and lifeless. Start New Blon today. Not a bleach or dye. Buy the large size—costs less per shampoo.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their troubl may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking th excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most peopl pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting an burning shows there may be something wrong wit your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, whe due to functional kidney disorders, may be the caus of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, le pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches an dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills used successfully by millions for over 40 years. The give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidne tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood Get Doan's Pills.



Jacob Tarshish, *MBS Lamplighter*

ese days the *Easy Aces* skit suddenly dis- pears from the air, for no reason except at the Aces are tired of working for a ing. In radio that would be unpre- dented, considering the salary, but Good- an and Jane Ace talk about it frequently.

During their first years in large money, is pair set themselves a quota of money save and retire on. The quota already s passed and the money is in an endow- ent insurance policy. Their salary, $2,000 week, is tempting, but they might follow eir plan when their current contract runs t.

On this subject of salaries, there is a t of speculation over what *Amos 'n' ndy* will be getting under the new sponsor ey start with January 1. *Pepsodent* has en paying the pair $4,000 a week, $2,000 ch. No details of the new agreement ave leaked out, except that the sum is bstantially larger. Incidentally, their me on the air will not be changed when e new contract goes into force.

Charlie Winninger's genial voice, boom- g out again on *Show Boat* these Thurs- ay evenings, marks the end of one of adio's very bitter feuds. When Winninger ft the program, two years ago, he car- ied hard feelings with him. Caustic inter- iews, in which *Show Boat* production ethods were discussed scornfully, began ppearing in newspapers and radio maga- ines. To top it off, Winninger helped orm the program called *Uncle Charlie's Tent Show,* which flourished for a year r so as an exact copy of *Show Boat.*

Time heals such wounds, however. Also, Winninger's work in a new movie version f the Jerome Kern operetta, Show Boat, *makes this season an ideal one to restore him to his old command as radio's Cap'n Henry.*

That ends one feud, but most of radio's thers are going well, thank you. Fred Waring has no love for Phil Spitalny or Horace Heidt. Mistaken or not, Fred thinks those two bandleaders stole his dea for both stage and radio shows.

Changes come frequently, but if Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel are on good erms this week, the chances are they won't e next month. There is no one cause for his one. Their personalities simply clash, hat's all. Ed Wynn and Cantor do not peak very well of each other, either, hough there is no open warfare there.





Fibber McGee and Molly (Marian and Jim Jordan) are the most recent of radio's headline personalities making screen débuts. They are featured with Mary Livingstone, also enjoying her first venture in movies, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Betty Grable and Ned Sparks in the Paramount picture, *This Way, Please!*





MIRACLE AT THE DRESSING TABLE!



"I'VE seen too many girls lose their beauty and popularity through neglect of the sunny, golden loveliness nature gave their hair," says Marion R*. "So I'm not going to take any chances—I use nothing but Marchand's on my hair. It brought back all the glorious blonde shadings and radiant life my hair used to have."

Thousands of enthusiastic Marchand users say, "Only Marchand's can restore and retain the true glamorous beauty of BLONDE hair. Marchand's keeps hair soft, healthy, lustrous." BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to highlight their hair—without lightening the color.



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Pert Patricia Ryan is one of *NBC*'s new faces. She's heard with the *Rhythm Rascals* group.

Most of radio's feuds are mythical, stirred up by publicity-hunting press agents. James Melton and Frank Parker, for instance, are good friends. As every one knows, so are Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie; Fred Allen and Jack Benny.

One about which there was no kidding was the battle the networks waged in coverage of sport events, this past summer, and their rival versions of Shakespearean plays. Only the moderating counsel of their legal departments on several occasions prevented issuance of very harsh statements and measures of reprisal.

Now that the fall season is getting under way, J. C. Flippen may enroll as a new candidate for comedy honors on the major networks. Jay was making some progress in theater and radio when he hitched up with a small New York station, *WHN*, and the engagement turned out much longer than he wanted it to be. The contract is about to expire now.

WHN *is the New York station which launched Major Bowes as proprietor of an amateur hour. When the Major walked out to take his hour to a major network,* WHN *asked Flippen to take over. The young comedian thought this was an opportunity for publicity and prestige, so he grabbed it, even though both station and salary were small. The contract ran for a long term, too, but he paid no attention to that. Like everyone else, he thought the amateur fad would be completely dead in a year or two.*

The fad did die down but Flippen and Bowes were able to carry on, with their popularity only slightly wilted. In the telephone voting on the amateurs, Flippen, on his small station, has consistently been getting a larger total of votes than the Major in the New York area. With that showing behind him, Flippen announces he is ready to expand and probably will be popping off on network programs here and there before the season is out.

—ARTHUR MASON.

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REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 75)



Universal made Gertrude Niesen more exotic for *Top of the Town.*

promise to curl into ringlets at any moment—but never quite do. A too conventional or too elaborate coiffure would draw too much interest from the face and would lack personality. It takes a great deal of restraint to achieve a natural coiffure that does not look neglected.

"Gertrude Niesen has an interesting face," Emile continued. And, indeed, she has. Gertrude has a very long face but one that can be blended, by the proper hairdress, into a charming combination of sophistication and dewy youthfulness. All of you with long faces will be particularly entranced with Emile's unusual handling of these features. Emile chose bangs for Gertrude, to broaden the face and cut the length. Then he gave her an extremely long bob to accentuate its length!

The effect was thrilling, but I couldn't understand how he chose such contradictory methods until he explained to me: "Bangs and an extremely long bob capitalize on the interesting planes in the long face. Instead of hiding the face, or drawing attention away from its length, they mold its pure lines into an artist's delight."

You will notice that Emile does not confine the hair close to the head with this type of face. He also skillfully employs a slight circular wave to break any harshness the extreme hair cut would lend.

With the coiffures of Gertrude Niesen, Jessica Dragonette, Kate Smith, and Maxine Marlowe, Emile has given a clue to the designing of a hair dress for every type. I hope you will be able to work on from this point to an individual coiffure suited to your own personality.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
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I would like to know the names of the Beauty Aids recommended in October RADIO STARS.

Name .....

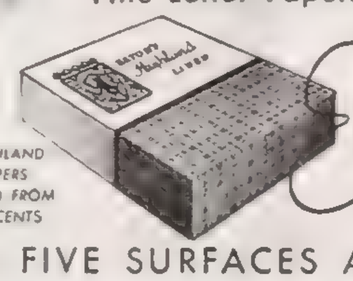
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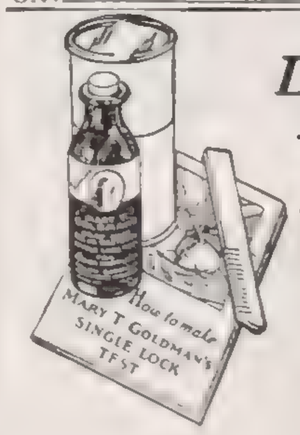
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SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

(Continued from page 41)

but their little home is near her mother's and on the nights when Bill has to work, she can slip over and dine and visit with her mother and sisters. Her one great grief was the loss of her father, but Mrs. Wood continues to be her guide and inspiration, as she does for the other girls.

The similarity of Bill's work and interests with hers makes for increased understanding, is oil to the smooth-running machinery of their domestic and professional lives. He studied medicine at college but helped to pay his way by radio work and found it easier to keep on with the job he had than to make a break when his course was finished. He has a fine speaking and singing voice and is, at present, an announcer over *KFI*, on the *NBC* network. But, what is even more important than his being in the same business field, he also shares Trudy's dreams, shapes his life to the same ideals.

If there is anything more rare than a day in June, it must be a pretty girl who does not want to go into the movies. As far as Trudy is concerned, it is all a part of knowing what she wants. She has been approached several times and has had tests made—she is very slender, has light brown hair and lovely wide gray eyes, a straight nose, a sensitive mouth—but, in the first place, she does not think that she is ready for pictures. And she does not want to make the mistake so many girls have made, in rushing unprepared into a picture, perhaps to flop and thus at one stroke finish two careers.

But, more than that, she is not convinced that she wants a movie career anyway. Her ambitions are simple. As far as money is concerned, she wants only enough to enable her to live a normal life, to have a certain amount of economic security, to preclude worry, to provide for the family she hopes to have and perhaps, later on, to travel. But she wants no great sum, has no craving to be rich. Part of her salary and Bill's now goes into the bank and into insurance and very little is expended on the gay frivolities so popular with some of Hollywood's younger set.

She is studying singing, striving always to improve her voice, and is planning to study dramatics, for her secondary ambition is to do dramatic parts on the radio.

"I am crazy about radio," she explained simply, "and there is more chance for home life with a radio career. There is no reason why a professional and a domestic life can't go hand in hand, if two people understand the demands of each other's profession, but radio gives you more time, more chance for home life than a movie career. And there are big opportunities right on radio, too. plenty of them—more every year . . ."

Thus, while some girls say marriage is impossible in the early stages of a career, that the career must come first and all else be sacrificed to it, Trudy goes serene-



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ly on her way, confident that love and marriage come first, that a career can be neatly fitted into a happy marriage, and that, above all, she is a very lucky girl.

She and Bill had planned to take a real honeymoon, as soon as the Astaire program was concluded, but when it was decided to keep the *Packard* program on the air through the summer, with Johnny Green in charge and Jimmy Blair and Trudy to sing, the honeymoon plans dissolved. However, the present schedule is less onerous, requires less rehearsing than the previous program, and Trudy hopes that they can find time for short vacation trips between performances.

Johnny Green, who is doing such a swell job with the new program, selects her songs and arrangements and Trudy is singing ballads, which she enjoys, as well as jazz. She began studying piano when she was ten and finds her knowledge of music a great help in interpreting her songs.

"I've been awfully lucky," she said demurely, "in meeting the right people, in getting breaks. I loved touring—it was fun and grand experience—and the *Packard* show, of course, was a real opportunity. My ambitions? Well, I want to go on, improving my voice, increasing my popularity, perhaps doing something on a dramatic program. . . ."

She smiled shyly. "I love my work, but I love being married more. I never really wanted anything else but a home and a family. And I am so lucky, to be married to Bill!"

"And you like keeping house?" I asked.

She nodded. "I love it. And children—we have plans for them, too, after a little while. Right now," she twinkled, "we just have a dog—part Scottie, part something else! Even a dog ties you down, but it is company—we wouldn't give it up for anything."

For the rest, she is just a normal girl, loves pretty clothes, likes to take walks, to dance, to play badminton and tennis, to swim. She drives her own car, takes her work and her studies seriously, looks eagerly forward to getting back to her apartment and Bill, after a few hours' absence, delights in slipping down the street to her other home for a chat with Mother or the girls.

And Bill, a few years older, equally in love, what of him? We hope he knows how lucky he is to be married to a girl so deeply in love, so quietly sincere and so refreshingly idealistic. High ideals are all too rare these days and you'd hardly look for them in Hollywood, but Trudy clings to hers and we sincerely hope her handsome young husband will help her keep them.

They call her a radio Cinderella, because her rise to stardom has been so rapid, but she comes nearer being a radiant Penelope, serenely secure in her marriage, her love. For when Trudy sings her love songs every Tuesday, ostensibly to Jimmy Blair, she really is singing them to Bill Bryan with all her heart and soul. The ingredients of a happy marriage are all here, entrenched in her heart, glimpsed in her shining eyes.

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RADIO LAUGHS...

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JACK: Mary, I want to thank you for those lovely roses you sent me. They were beautiful.

MARY: Were they?

JACK: Yes, that's the first time I've ever seen a third of a dozen . . . but Mary, I did notice that the roses were quite limp and droopy. What happened?

MARY: I knew you were sick so I boiled 'em!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: When I sneeze I put my hand in front of my mouth.

HARRY: Really, Phil? Why do you do that?

BEETLE: To catch his teeth!

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: You're under arrest for violatin' the anti-noise law, Bub.

ACTOR: Hey, wait a minute! I ain't done nothin'!

FRED: You just drank a bicarbonate of soda, didn't you?

ACTOR: So what? I ain't made a noise yet, have I?

FRED: No, but you will in a minute. Let's go!

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

GRACIE: Well, my brother never says: "Hello,"—he says: "Honk, Honk!" *Of course, that's . . .*

GEORGE: Your brother says: "Honk, Honk"?

GRACIE: Yeah—when he's crossing the street. You see, he doesn't want people to think he hasn't got an automobile.

(BURNS & ALLEN, Grape Nuts Program.)

PILKINGTON: This is the third morning in a row I've found you like this. What's the idea of sleeping on the job?

BEA: Well, I don't like to be doing nothing!

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

DOC: Jack Benny, it's time for your medicine again . . . .Now first you take this red pill and then you follow it with this white one.

JACK: Mmm, two of 'em this time. What's the white pill for, Doc?

DOC: In case the red one is poison!

(JACK BENNY, Jell-O Program.)

PHIL: Bottle, you ought to get married and go in for a little connubial bliss.

BOTTLE: Beg pardon, sir?

PHIL: Connubial bliss! Look, Bottle, what binds women together and makes them better than they are by nature?

BOTTLE: Er . . . corsets.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

FRED: Today is the big birthday party.

PORTLAND: Really? Whose birthday is it?

FRED: The Dionne babies'. The Quintuplets are three today.

PORT: Oh! That's too bad. Did two of them get away?

(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

MILTON: I'm in charge of this party, Buddy, so you can talk to me. I want some gas . . . half a gallon.

BROWN: A half *a gallon for this big bus? Whaddy'e tryin' to do—wean it?*

MILTON: Hurry, please—hurry!

BROWN: Huh, we don't sell no gas in this gas station.

MILTON: Then what's the idea of all the signs and pumps?

BROWN: That's just to pull customers in so we can give 'em free air and water!

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

BOB: Did you ever play golf with a dentist? Every time he got on the green to putt, he'd look at the hole and say: "Open a little wider, please!" After the game I went home, jumped into the Frigidaire and took a nap . . . I'm getting myself in shape for those air-cooled theatres! Ah, those cooling systems they have in the summertime! Starting next week, the New York Central is running a snow-train to the Paramount Theatre! They don't have ushers any more; as you go in the theatre an Eskimo gives you a pair of skis. The picture had already started, so I slipped into my skis and went gliding down the aisle—but *not* on my skis . . . Suddenly there was a terrible commotion! Everybody started to turn around. It seems that two St. Bernards were trying to rescue a guy in the balcony!

(BOB HOPE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

CLERK: Good afternoon, Madam. Do you want a pet?

BEA: I don't really mind. But I've got some shopping to do first.

CLERK: This model is four hundred and fifty dollars.

BEA: Four hundred and fifty dollars!

CLERK: Don't let that worry you. There's just a small deposit down and then you make no more payments for six months.

BEA: Mm-mm . . . who's been telling you about me?

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

JOE: Look out! Here comes a tunnel, Engineer Brown!

BROWN: Which side?

JOE: On your side.

BROWN: Hey—wait a minute, Fireman Cook . . . that's no tunnel. I had my mouth open!

(JOE COOK and JOE E. BROWN, Shell Program.)

MOL: Well, doggone . . . I got some news for you, January. You know my cousin Luke, who you been sayin' would never amount to anything?

JAN: An' he never will amount to anything. He never was no good; he's just a gangster, that's all.

MOL: Just the same, he's been promoted in the gang. Yes sir, he's now the man higher up!

JAN: What do you mean, he's the man higher up?

MOL: They hung him yesterday.

(MOLASSES AND JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

BOTTLE: Gosh, it's terribly warm, sir. Do you mind if I sit down?

PHIL: Why, Bottle, does the hot air bother you?

BOTTLE: Er, . . . no, sir, go right on talking.

(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

HONEY: I had the swellest afternoon, Mr. Hope . . . I went out auto riding with Frank Parker.

BOB: Well, sit down, Honeychile . . . You must want to get off your feet. Parker took me for a ride once.

HONEY: He did? Doesn't he drive marvelously?

BOB: I don't think so. He's not so good at handling the brakes.

HONEY: Yeah . . . but ain't he great on the clutch!

(BOB HOPE and HONEYCHILE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

BEA: I happen to have a great deal of influence with the press. If it's any news to you, I'm an old newspaperwoman myself.

PILKINGTON: Why did you ever quit?

BEA: Well, I found there wasn't much money in old newspapers!

(BEATRICE LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

LANNY: Well, I'll introduce you to him . . . Mr. Bernie, I want you to meet Molasses and January.

BEN: Glad to meet you, boys.

MOL: Glad to meet you, Mr. Bernie. Doggone, I'm crazy about your band.

BEN: You like 'em, huh?

MOL: I'm crazy about 'em; an' everybody knows 'em too.

BEN: Well, we've been on the air for a long time . . .

MOL: Oh, they're famous! There's only one thing I can't understand—how did you come to call 'em the Connecticut Yankees?

(MOLASSES & JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

MACK: Mr. Berle, we've been friends for a long time . . . Couldn't you give me a break and make it *fifteen* dollars a week?

MILTON: I offer you eighteen, and you only want fifteen! Why?

MACK: Well, that way—when Saturday comes around and you don't pay off —I lose less!

(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

BOB: That's one of my best chickens, Frank—very conscientious. She lays seven eggs in five days, so she can have the week-end to herself!

FRANK: So this is your ranch, eh, Bob?

BOB: Well, yes . . . It's sort of condensed. But you know, everything is a Digest today, so this is my Digest ranch.

FRANK: What's that little flower pot there?

BOB: Put that down! That's my wheat field!

(BOB HOPE, Rippling Rhythm Program.)

BEA: If it's any news to you, I was brought up on a farm.

PILKINGTON: I wish you'd never left it.

BEA: Well, we had a bad season and we had to give it up.

PILK: What happened?

BEA: That year our wheat crop was so short we had to lather it before we could mow it!

(BEA LILLIE, Broadway Merry-Go-Round.)

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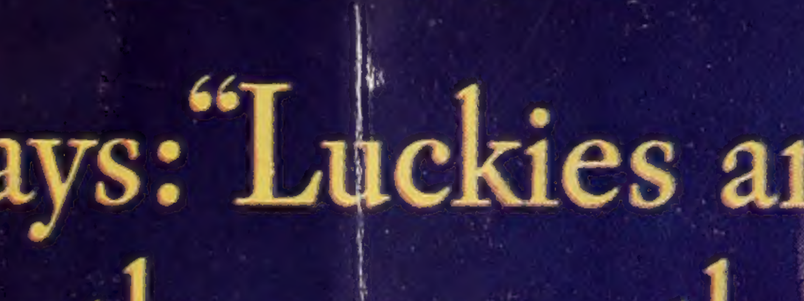
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